

MR. THACKERAY'S LECTURES.

[We have frequently copied from the New York Recorder, which is conducted by members of the Baptist denomination. It is, however, very far from being a merely sectarian paper, and always contains matter of interest to the literary community.]

In the No. of the 22d of Dec. it thus speaks of Mr. Thackeray :—]

THE taste for lecturing among the New Yorkers seems to be on the increase. During the season, thus far, the city has been favored with several lectures, of a high order of merit. Mr. Bancroft and Dr. Hawks have spoken before the Historical Society, in aid of the fund for the erection of the contemplated fire-proof building for its library. Mr. Bancroft lectured upon Art, and, in so doing, gave some wholesome castigation to the prodigality and corruption of the city fathers. Dr. Hawks spoke upon the history of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, that most interesting event in the career of North Carolina. The reality of this event has been denied by Mr. Jefferson, and it is understood that Mr. Bancroft has shared, in part, the scepticism of the great Virginian on this point. Dr. Hawks went into a careful analysis of the abundant evidence in favor of the declaration having been made, and detailed fully the facts connected with it. Mr. Bancroft was present, and it can hardly be doubted that the able and convincing argument of the lecturer will have an influence in modifying his convictions on the subject. The rage of the town for a few weeks, however, has been the discourses of Mr. Thackeray upon the English comic writers. They have been attended by large audiences, both at the time of their first delivery and in their repetition. Mr. Thackeray has great simplicity and terseness of style, and writes with an idiomatic ease and freedom which is as rare as it is beautiful. He has a salutary horror of all cant and shams, and visits with just reprobation whatever looks like hypocrisy or deceit. We were struck, especially, by the absence of all that straining after effect which is so obvious in the most of our professional lecturers. The effect of this simple, direct mode of expression upon the audiences who have listened to him, has been such as to justify his confidence in the good judgment of the public. It shows that distinct utterance, a direct and simple style, and plain good sense, form the basis of a public lecturer's success.

The manner of Mr. Thackeray, both in style and utterance, we think better than the subjects which he has chosen. We regret that he should use his fine powers of thought and expression for the purpose of giving new celebrity and circulation to some of the most objectionable writers in all English literature. Wycherley and Congreve, Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne, have been the subject of a portion of his lectures. These have been listened to by large audiences, mainly of young men and young women.

How, we ask, are these young ladies, who listen to his high commendation of the plays and novels of these writers, to understand his criticism, unless

they read them? A critical lecture on Hamlet, or Lycidas, or Ivanhoe would be stupid and unintelligible to one who had not read the originals upon which the criticism was made. We venture to say that not one young lady in five hundred of those who heard these lectures had ever read one of Congreve's plays or of Fielding's novels. If she had done so in some sly corner of a library, she would not be very likely to acknowledge it to a male friend. What, then, will be the natural result of these lectures, endorsing and even exaggerating the literary merit of some of the most obscene of English writers? It will be to excite a tendency in the minds of the young to look into these creations of prostituted genius, that they may understand the grounds of the critic's admiration.

Cheap editions of Smollett's and Fielding's novels have already been reprinted in this city, and we are told that Mr. Thackeray's lectures have created for them an enormous sale. We see them in railroad-cars and on booksellers' counters, and we doubt not that the scenes of vice which they portray with so much gusto have been made familiar to thousands of young persons of both sexes, who, but for these attractive lectures, would never have thought of reading these licentious and immoral tales of a past age. What father or mother would be willing to see a son or a daughter engaged upon the pages of Congreve or Fielding, that they might be able to test the correctness of the lecturer's critical judgment? Much indignation was a few years ago expressed against a large publishing house in this city for flooding the country with French novels of a licentious and disorganizing character. But nothing that Eugene Sue or Paul de Kock ever wrote can compare for unmitigated filth and grossness with some of these novels which have been made the subject of critical commendation in this course of lectures. If Fielding is commended under such circumstances, he will be read.

These lectures have already created a market for these works, and they are scattering their insidious poison in thousands of families, and sapping the virtue of thousands of young hearts. Genius is no excuse for perilling the dearest interests of society. It is said that Fielding has wit and humor. So have the blackguards who haunt the low theatres and drinking-houses; but shall we risk the virtue of the young by taking them to the Bowers Theatre or the beer-shop, in order to hear this wit and humor? It may be thought that we are unduly squeamish on this point, but we ask any person who thinks us so, if he would be willing to read aloud a play of Wycherley or a novel of Smollett to a sister, a daughter, or a son? We care not for the genius of these men. They prostituted the gifts of God to the basest purposes. They catered to the lowest passions of human nature for gain. They were willing to taint virgin purity and adorn the profligate by the gifts of genius, for the paltry pittance which they often spent upon fallen beings whom their writings and example had helped to make vile. We say that

a man of genius, like Mr. Thackeray, has *no right* to disinter these loathsome books from the graves to which the public conscience of a past age had consigned them, and serve them up as the mental aliment for the young, the impressible, and the pure.

The Literary World answers this as follows :—

THE New York Baptist *Recorder* moralizes and sermonizes, *apropos* to the subject of Thackeray's lectures, as it is bound in duty to do, we suppose, in its regular vocation. It is a fact we cannot deny, that Fielding and Smollett are, as authors, vital; their genius, having breathed into them the breath of immortality, has settled that beyond dispute. Is Thackeray to ignore them? Is he to tell the truth about them, or not? He did tell the truth. He confessed to the "*liquorish* tooth" of Tom Jones. Because, however, that gentleman, who is as undeniable a fact as human nature itself, lapses occasionally into vice, are we not to approve of and be strengthened by his virtues, his manly hatred of cant, hypocrisy and infidelity! And there are honest parson Adams, pure-souled Amelia, and virtuous Joseph Andrews; are we to deprive ourselves of such exemplars, because, forsooth, Fielding, true to weak human nature, has set them off with a contrast of vice! As for Humphrey Clinker, we commend to the *Recorder* the kindly, human sentiment in which Mrs. Winfield Jenkins found consolation, when she spied out the nakedness of her postilion.

As for the "cheap editions of Smollett's and Fielding's novels, that have been reprinted in this city," and for which the *Recorder* is "told that Mr. Thackeray's lectures have created an enormous sale," these, we would inform the anxious moralist, are old stereotype editions, which have been in the market a long time.

"If Fielding is commended under such circumstances," says the Baptist *Recorder*, "he will be read." So he will under any circumstances, and we do not fear for the consequences, for we honestly believe they will be moral. We believe Paul de Kock to be a much slandered man—"give a dog a bad name," &c.; but as for Eugene Sue, we hand him over, without a recommendation to mercy, to be dealt with according to the law of the strictest of the sect of the *Recorder*. The *Recorder* says that there is nothing in the works of Paul de Kock and Eugene Sue that can compare for unmitigated filth and grossness with some of these novels (meaning, doubtless, those of Fielding and Smollett), which have been made the subject of critical commendation in Thackeray's course of lectures. Even if it were so—which we deny—if we had occasion to speak of them or of Eugene Sue, would it be honest or right to shut our eyes wilfully to any good that might be found in them; in other words, to commit a pious fraud in order to condemn totally, whatever might be the motive? But in Fielding and Smollett there is more virtue than vice, and quite the reverse in Eugene Sue. The tendency of the latter is to sensuality; that of the former, to manly self-restraint.

Thackeray was serious enough and sad enough in speaking of them on occasion. Did he spare the men, of whom, rather than of their writings, he was talking?

There are parts, certainly, in these novels, that we would not like to read aloud, to a sister, a daughter or a son. So much we will acknowledge, in answer to the question of the *Recorder*; but we

have no doubt as good and orthodox men as he is have not hesitated in a past age to do so. This is moreover no test of the morality of a book. There are many things proper to be read and known, that are not proper to talk, or read aloud about, in a promiscuous gathering of old and young, men and women.

To which the Recorder of the 19th of Jan. replies :—

LICENTIOUS BOOKS WRITTEN BY MEN OF GENIUS.

Nor long ago we made some few remarks upon the subjects selected for discussion by Mr. Thackeray in his lectures before the Mercantile Library Association. We ventured to suggest that Congreve's plays and Fielding's and Smollett's novels were not precisely the best topics to bring to the minds of young ladies and gentlemen, such as composed Mr. Thackeray's audience. The Literary World, in last week's number, takes up the defence of Mr. Thackeray and the writers whom he comments upon, introducing his remarks in the following words :

"The New York Recorder moralizes and sermonizes, *apropos* to the subject of Thackeray's lectures, as it is bound in duty to do, we suppose, in its regular vocation."

Now, a literal interpretation of these words would imply that our criticisms were prompted, not by our convictions as a man, but by the fact that we happened to be the editor of a religious newspaper. We cannot believe, however, that the language used represents the editors' intentions, for we know them too well to suppose that they would purposely utter a sentence that was either discourteous or unjust. Stripped of all accessories, the issue between us is, whether the works of Congreve, Fielding, and Smollett, are such as to form proper subjects for critical commendation to promiscuous audiences of young persons of both sexes, and whether it is for the well-being of society that attention should be so called to these writers as to promote the reading and study of their works. With all due deference to the Literary World, we affirm the negative of both these queries.

It is proper here to state that we made these remarks in no feeling of hostility to Mr. Thackeray. We have read with interest a large proportion of his works, and have found much with which we can sympathize both in style and thought. We like his manly hatred of shams and hypocrisy. We like his exposures of the fashionable villany of English high-life. We like his idiomatic, manly, and straightforward English. To hear it is a relief after being fed upon the antithetical conceits and galvanized brilliancy of the fashionable favorites of the lecture-room. But because we admit Mr. Thackeray to be a man of sense and a man of genius, and a writer whose works are, generally speaking, of a good moral tendency, and because he happens to be the reigning lion just now of the salons of New York and Boston, we do not feel justified in withholding our unqualified condemnation of the moral influence of those critical lectures which, by the confession of all, have had the effect to scatter immoral books through the community. Our object is not to criticize Mr. Thackeray's character or his works. We will not say that he has hardly described a hero whom one would wish to introduce into his parlor. We will not echo the common talk of English literary circles, that, since he has attracted the notice of

the titled and the great, he has in his own person illustrated to perfection the attributes of the "snob," which he has so conspicuously pilloried for public contempt; for we are led to suppose that injustice has been done him in this respect by the envious feeling of less successful *litterateurs*. Our business is with the writings to which his lectures have given a new and unprecedented circulation. The *Literary World* asks if Thackeray is to "ignore" these writers; if it is "honest or right to shut our eyes wilfully to any good that might be found in them," or to "commit a pious fraud in order to condemn totally, whatever may be the motive?" If our object had been to give a critical estimate of the literary merits or the moral character of Congreve, Fielding, or Smollett, we should be as anxious as any one to measure out to them exact justice. But the simple point before us was to determine what would be the total moral result upon the majority of young men and women from reading their works. We believe unhesitatingly that the influence of such study would be in its totality evil, and only evil. In this opinion we believe that nineteen literary men out of twenty would agree with us. To come to this conclusion needs no shutting "the eyes wilfully to any good that may be found in" these writers, and it requires the commission of no "pious fraud" to express it. Whatever gives these writings currency affords new temptations to vice, and weakens the safeguards of virtue. It helps to store the memory with scenes of villany and corruption that pollute the imagination and soil the purity of the young heart. But the *Literary World* does not fear the consequences of the study of Fielding's novels, for the editors "honestly believe they will be moral." We are bound to believe in the sincerity of what is thus strongly affirmed; but we ask them if they would put Tom Jones into the hands of "a daughter, a sister, or a son," with no misgiving as to the moral "consequences?" We think not. Would they put Congreve's plays on a parlor centre-table, or in a daughter's room? Would they put Smollett's novels into a son's trunk, who was leaving home for college, with no fear of the "consequences?" Would they be willing to risk the almost certain evil, in order that the wit of Congreve, the art of Fielding, or the character-painting of Smollett might be studied? If so, we hesitate not to say that their standard of duty is somewhat different from ours.

The comedies of Congreve have by common consent been banished from the English stage for their licentiousness. Though they have brilliant dialogue and repartee, they are without poetry and imagination, and "inextricably associated with sensuality and profaneness." Says a late critic: "The total absence of the higher virtues which ennoble life, the beauty and gracefulness of female virtue, the feelings of generosity, truth, honor, affection, modesty, and tenderness, leaves his pages barren and unproductive of any permanent interest or popularity." Did we do wrong, then, in regretting the disinterment of his plays from their burial-places in the dust of old libraries? Were we unduly squeamish in deprecating the delivery of lectures which would inevitably bring these plays, so low and gross that they would shock the *habitués* of the Bowery Theatre, prominently before the attention of the young and impressible? Fielding, as everybody knows, was a rake who dissipated his fortune and that of his wife, and

passed from the respectable position in which he was born to the lowest meanness and prodigality. He commenced author to retrieve his fallen fortunes, and purposely drew to the life the scenes of licentiousness and low vice in which he had acted so conspicuous a part, because in so doing he would be sure of the largest number of buyers and readers in the profligate age in which he lived. He has not scrupled to represent his hero, Tom Jones, as occupying a position so low that its parallel can only be found in the lowest region of the "Five Points," and then rewards him with the hand of a young and trustful girl.

Smollett was a more respectable man than Fielding, but in the grossness of his novels he is certainly his equal. The callous rogues, prostitutes, thieves, and cheats, that make up his *dramatis personæ*, are tedious in the enumeration, and their adventures are disgusting in the detail. As in the stories of Fielding, a worthy character is occasionally drawn to give zest to the staple of his works, and destroy the flat sameness of villany; but it has been well said that the virtues of their best characters are too often such as would be counted vices and weaknesses in a truly good man.

But these works display genius, and therefore, according to Mr. Thackeray and the *Literary World*, should be read. So do the obscene paintings on the walls of Pompeii; but should they for this reason be mixed up with the chaste remains of ancient art in the midst of which they are found, and represented in drawings for the centre-table or the young ladies' school? These pen-and-ink pictures of Congreve, of Fielding and Smollett fall little short, in their abominable and unnatural vileness, of these damning witnesses which God's providence has preserved of the deep degradation of heathen Italy. It is a matter of fact that the lectures of Mr. Thackeray have increased the call for these works to an indefinite extent. We hesitate not to say that this is a cause of regret to all good men. And although they were delivered in a church, and have in their subjects and detail met the approbation of parish clergymen and religious and literary editors, we feel compelled to speak as we have, and we here reaffirm all and singular of the views that we have heretofore expressed on this subject. We are glad to bear witness to the high moral tone of the *Literary World*; and we cannot but think that in this instance, where we differ from it, the editors have been swayed by personal friendship, natural especially to the American editors of Mr. Thackeray's works. In their feeling of regard for Mr. Thackeray as a literary man we sympathize, and would be the last to do him an injustice, or to depreciate in the slightest degree his well-earned fame; but a sense of duty compelled us to say what we did, and further reflection only confirms us in the position which we then assumed.

The *Literary World*, Jan. 29 :—

TALKING of criticism, the *Recorder* of this city has another indignation article at the immorality of Thackeray in introducing to the public, in his lectures, such profligates and rascals as Congreve, Fielding, and Smollett—as if nothing was known of these gentlemen before! This is the scope of its very serious column on the subject, given in its own language :—

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commendation to promiscuous audiences of young persons of both sexes; and whether it is for the well-being of society that attention should be so called to these writers as to promote the reading and study of their works. With all due deference to the *Literary World*, we affirm the negative of both these queries.

But the simple point before us was to determine what would be the total moral result upon the majority of young men and women from reading their works. We believe, unhesitatingly, that the influence of such study would be, in its totality, evil, and only evil. In this opinion we believe that nineteen literary men out of twenty would agree with us.

There are two points involved here, which we may ask the indulgence of our intelligent readers for discussing. To state them is almost a platitude. Can a gentleman speak publicly of these writers at all!—and, how has Mr. Thackeray spoken of them? For the first, we cannot but think that they are entitled to the privileges of polite society. They certainly, with all their defects of taste and morals, occupy no small or unimportant part in that English literature which every well-informed person reads; an allusion to, or a quotation from which it would be ignorance not to recognize, and imbecility not to appreciate. They are the men of whom Dr. Johnson wrote, whose lives Sir Walter Scott narrated, of whom Hazlitt and Lamb and the best and most popular critics have said a hundred wise and kind things—over whose works our fathers laughed or grew sad, and whom, in their best estate, we may still warmly take in our hearts for entertainment and solace amidst the cares of life; English literature has many higher, many profounder authors (of other kinds); but it cannot afford to part with Henry Fielding, whom the *Recorder* pronounces a lower man than Smollett—as if minor differences of respectability were worth talking about after its sweeping denunciations of immorality. The man is to be pitied who will not be instructed and made better by a perusal of the life and writings of Fielding. The fault is his own. Fielding lived, suffered, endured, and wrote manfully enough, we are assured, for his benefit.

The *Edinburgh Review* thinks differently of this matter from the *Recorder*. When Horace Walpole's letters, some years since, disclosed one of the lowest haunts of Fielding, what was the comment of that organ of English opinion!

It is very certain that the writings of men are colored by their indolence, their amusements, and their occupations; and this little peep into Fielding's private hours lets us at once into his course of studies, and is an admirable illustration of his Tom Jones, Jonathan Wild, and other novels. We are taken into the artist's work-shop, and shown the models from which he works: or rather, we break in upon him at a time when he is copying from the life. It is a very idle piece of morality to lament over Fielding for this low indulgence of his appetite for character. If he had been found quietly at his tea, he would never have left behind him the name he has done. There is nothing of a tea inspiration in any of his novels. They are assuredly the finest things of the kind in the language; and we are Englishmen enough to consider them the best in any language. They are indubitably the most English of all the works of Englishmen.

Is not this sufficient? Now, in what light has Thackeray presented these authors? Why with a severity of judgment where severity was required which probed to the quick every sore spot in their moral character, and which we thought sometimes

exceeded the necessities of the case. It is simply a libel to assert that Thackeray favored a single vice of his heroes—for heroes they are and will remain. The genial, amiable humor of Sir Walter Scott, who was not a very bad man, would have let any of them off with half the scourging they have received from the author of *Vanity Fair*. But a truce to further comment. The *Recorder* has done injustice to Mr. Thackeray and the spirit of his lectures, and we think it has greatly misconceived the position of the authors of whom it undertakes to write.

Ireland, considered as a Field for Investment or Residence. By William Bullock Webster, Esq. Dublin: Hodges and Smith. 1852.

The author of this work having visited every county in Ireland except two, and thus had opportunities extending over some years of estimating both the capabilities of the soil and the character of the people, has come to the conclusion that Englishmen are laboring under a misapprehension as to these most important points. He seeks therefore to dispel their unfounded prejudices, and to lay before them a statement of the advantages that Ireland at the present moment offers to capitalists as a field for investment. We have private reasons for believing that Mr. Webster is right in his assertion that the vast amount of capital now seeking investment may be employed as securely and more profitably in Ireland at the present moment than in any part of Great Britain. The facts which he has industriously collected together in his book all go to prove the truth of his statement; but we can do no more here than refer the reader to his little work, which will amply repay the cost of purchase and the pains of perusal.—*Tait*.

Facts and Observations on the Physical Education of Children, especially as regards the Prevention of Spinal and other Deformities. By Samuel Hare, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. London; J. Churchill, 46, Princes-street Leicester-square. 1852.

Mr. Hare's work on the prevention, causes, and treatment of curvatures of the spine is well known in the medical world, and has run through several editions. His contributions to that peculiar part of medical science to which he has devoted his energies have been highly spoken of by those who have better qualifications for judging of their merits than we can pretend to. He is known as a clear and intelligible writer and a successful practitioner; and his testimony on the subject of the personal deformities and personal sufferings which a preposterous fashion has inflicted upon the female sex will carry, perhaps, as much weight as that of any member of the faculty. It is for this reason that we look upon the little work before us as a valuable boon to parents, and all who have the care and custody of female children. It has been written and published by a practical man, with the view of preventing the very diseases which it has been the business of his life to alleviate and cure. It is probable that among the hundreds or thousands of cases that have passed through his hands, only a very small per-centage indeed were such that a little timely care on the part of the parents or guardians of the patients might not have prevented; and it may be that this little volume owes its existence to the recognition of that fact. There are few parents who will read these pages without having their eyes opened to some blunder in their management of their offspring; and yet they will learn nothing that the plainest common-sense, with the trouble of a little reflection, might not have taught them. The truths here inculcated are such as no mother would think of questioning—the mischief is that few deem them of sufficient importance as to adopt them practically in rearing and educating their children.—*Tait*.

From the Boston Traveller.

THEODORE PARKER AND HIS SUPPORTERS.

THEODORE PARKER's character as a public teacher has been gradually developed among us, and will, no doubt, be developed yet further. But enough can be seen of it already to comprehend it—to estimate its tendencies—and to judge where those persons will be carried who subject themselves to his influences, and who are ready to follow where he would lead them.

When he first came to Boston, in 1845, under a resolution of certain persons collected for the purpose, "That the Reverend Theodore Parker shall have a chance to be heard in Boston"—he came, so far as the outside public is concerned, as a minister of Jesus Christ. Some among us, certainly, doubted whether that character could be justly attributed to him. But this suggestion, when made, was met by a denial of its truth, and by a charge of illiberality and uncharitableness against those who made it.

From that time, it is understood, that in the Melodeon—where he has been heard on Sunday forenoons until lately—he has often been very severe upon the clergy generally, and especially upon the clergy of this neighborhood, who have refused, with few exceptions, to associate with him or to admit him into their pulpits. There is not, however, so far as we know, any sufficient ground for his assertion, that "an attempt was making, not to put it [his doctrine] down by reason, but to howl it down by force of ecclesiastical shouting." On the contrary, we think that much too little has been said, both in the pulpit and out of it, upon the subject of his teachings. His last published exposition of his doctrine, however—or the last that we have seen—seems to have excited somewhat more attention; and, as what he then said was uttered under circumstances of such responsibility, that it seems to be a sort of platform on which he and his supporters intend to stand before this community hereafter—or at least for the present—we wish, ourselves, to take some notice of it. It is addressed to the public, by the press, and we conceive that it concerns the public to consider it.

We refer now to two "Sermons," as he calls them—one delivered on the 14th November, 1852, when he was about to leave the Melodeon, and the other on the 21st, when he began his meetings in the new Music Hall—both of which have been published together in a pamphlet since this year (1853) came in, by Crosby, Nichols & Co. In these "sermons" he lets us somewhat more into his past history and future purposes, than the public had before been permitted to see; but, still, it is quite plain, that the revelation is not complete.

He tells us, that he came to Boston eight years ago, with great reluctance and misgiving, but with an "idea," that he wished to teach and inculcate. Precisely what that idea *then* was, he does not here explain; but what his idea in preaching *now* is, he tells us pretty clearly. Probably it has been but one idea from the beginning.

First, then, he tells us, under the two heads of his "Ideas" of God and Man, and subsequently under two more heads, of the relations of God to Man, and of Man to God, what are his own notions of religion, and leaves no doubt that he is an unbeliever in Christianity as a divinely revealed

religion. In short, he leaves no doubt that he is an infidel, of the class called Deists.

But, secondly, lest there should be any mistake in the matter, he tells us what he does *not* believe. He says (pp. 14—15):—

I do not believe there ever was a miracle, or ever will be; everywhere I find law—the constant mode of operation of the infinite God. I do not believe in the miraculous inspiration of the Old Testament or the New Testament. I do not believe that the Old Testament was God's first word, nor the New Testament his last. The Scriptures are no finality to me. Inspiration is a perpetual fact. Prophets and Apostles did not monopolize the Father: He inspires men to-day as much as heretofore.

I do not believe the miraculous origin of the Hebrew Church, or the Buddhist Church, or the Christian Church; nor the miraculous character of Jesus. I take not the Bible for my master, nor yet the church; nor even Jesus of Nazareth for my master. I feel not at all bound to believe what the church says is true, nor what any writer in the Old or New Testament declares true; and I am ready to believe that Jesus taught as I think, eternal torment, the existence of a devil, and that he himself should ere long come back in the clouds of heaven. I do not accept these things on his authority.

He is my best historic ideal of human greatness; not without errors, not without the stain of his times, and I presume, of course, not without sins; for men without sins exist in the dreams of girls, not in real fact; you never saw such a one, nor I, and we never shall.

Of course, there can hereafter be no misapprehension about Theodore Parker's claims to be called a Christian minister; so that, if we *now* venture to say that he is not one, we shall, as we presume, no longer be told that he is uncharitable and calumnious; for to be a minister of Jesus Christ, and yet to ridicule Jesus Christ as a man who had the folly to teach "that he should *ere long* come back in the clouds of heaven," is an absurdity too strong for any reasonable person to accept. It is, however, worth notice that, on the title-page of these very "sermons," Mr. Parker is announced as the minister of the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society in Boston, precisely as if he stood on the same footing with Dr. Blagden, or Dr. Adams, or any other of the Christian Congregational ministers of the city.

So far, then, Theodore Parker has openly come out. He ridicules the idea of Christianity as a religion of miraculous authority, and he ridicules Jesus Christ, whom the Scriptures represent to be "without sin," as a character that can only "exist in the dreams of girls;—not in real fact." How much farther he will go in the same direction we cannot tell. Probably he cannot tell himself.

But he gives us a glimpse of future possibilities. He says, p. 12, "It may be possible that a man comes to the conviction of atheism, but yet has been faithful to himself." We may, therefore—according to his own showing—have Theodore Parker preaching atheism among us, out of *faithfulness to himself*. At any rate, no man will say that it is more unlikely he will do this fifteen years hence, than it was ten or fifteen years ago—(when as a Christian critic he attacked Dr. Palfrey so fiercely, or when as a Christian minister he received the degree of Master of Arts at our neighboring University)—that he would in 1852-3 be

uttering in Boston such ribald attacks on Christianity as are contained in these two discourses.

There is, however, another side of his public character and teachings, that it is important should be understood by the community in which he lives;—we mean, the *morals* he inculcates. Of this, from time to time, we have had intimations in a number of printed attacks on the judges of our courts, on our magistrates, on our clergy—in short, on anybody that did not hold opinions agreeable to Theodore Parker himself;—announcing his judgments, sometimes with brutal coarseness, though oftener in a tone that shows he is, after all, rather holding political caucuses on Sunday mornings, than anything else, and that his hearers so understand him by answering his appeals to their passions with clapping of hands and other signs of caucus-like applause. But, on one occasion, he went beyond the character even of a common political demagogue. We refer to his teaching that, in certain cases—which cases are to be judged of by each man for himself—perjury is the duty of a jurymen. Mr. B. R. Curtis—now a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, and as much honored by the country as any man sitting on that bench—exposed this indecent outrage on public morals in a speech delivered at a very crowded meeting in Faneuil Hall, above two years ago. He said, with a plainness and sternness of rebuke, worthy the acknowledged elevation and integrity of his character:—

Murder and perjury have been erected into virtues, and, in this city, preached from the sacred desk. I must not be suspected of exaggeration in the least degree. I read, therefore, the following passages from a sermon preached and published in this city—

“Let me suppose a case which may happen here, and before long. A woman flies from South Carolina to Massachusetts, to escape from bondage. Mr. Greatheart aids her in her escape, harbors and conceals her, and is brought to trial for it. The punishment is a fine of One Thousand Dollars and imprisonment for six months. I am drawn to serve as a juror and pass upon this offence. I may refuse to serve, and be punished for that, leaving men with no scruples to take my place; or I may take the juror's oath to give a verdict according to the law and the testimony. The law is plain, let us suppose, and the testimony conclusive. Greatheart himself confesses that he did the deed alleged, saving one ready to perish. The judge charges that if the jurors are satisfied of that fact, then they must return that he is guilty. This is a nice matter. Here are two questions. The one put to me in my official capacity as juror, is this—“Did Greatheart aid the woman?” The other put to me in my natural character as man, is this—“Will you help to punish Greatheart with fine and imprisonment for helping a woman to obtain her inalienable rights?” If I have extinguished my manhood by my juror's oath, then I shall do my official business and find Greatheart guilty, and I shall seem to be a true man; but if I value my manhood, I shall answer after my natural duty to love a man and not hate him, to do him justice, not injustice, to allow him the natural rights he has not alienated, and shall say ‘not guilty.’ Then will men call me forsworn and a liar; but I think human nature will justify the verdict.

“The man who attacks me to reduce me to slavery, in that moment of attack alienates his right to life, and if I were the fugitive, and could escape in no other way, I would kill him with as little compunction as I would drive a mosquito from my face.”—*A Sermon of Conscience, by Rev. Theodore Parker.*

I should like to ask the Rev. Preacher (continues

Judge Curtis) when he goes into court and holds up his hand, and calls on his Maker to attest the sincerity of his vow to render a true verdict according to the law and the evidence, whether he does *that* as a man, or in some other capacity? And I should also like to ask him, in what capacity he would expect to receive the punishment which would await him here and hereafter, if he were to do what he recommends to others?

This was said by Judge Curtis on the 26th of November, 1850. On the 18th of June next following, a jurymen in Boston undertook to put in practice the precise doctrine here set forth, and was ignominiously struck from the panel of jurors for it, as soon as he was detected, by the Judge of the District Court of the United States. How many other persons—either to gratify their own passions, or the passions of their party—have acted on the same atrocious doctrine, *without detection*, Theodore Parker will know, when he meets them at the bar of God's judgment.

But there are other persons, who are concerned in this assault upon Christianity and upon the institutions whereon rest the peace and existence of our society—we mean the persons comprising the so-called “Twenty-eighth Congregational Society in Boston.” By this phrase, we do not, indeed, understand the majority of those, who may be found in the new and attractive “Music Hall,” on any one Sunday morning. Most of such hearers of Theodore Parker are, undoubtedly, drawn there, transiently, by curiosity, or by other motives entirely aside from interest in the opinions he may express about society, morals, or Christianity. Many of the rest of them are young men, whom we commend to the watchful regard of their friends and of the Christian associations of this city, trusting that, under better influences, they may be induced to pause in a course, which can end only in the destruction of their moral sense and in cutting them off from the respect of those in our community who are faithful to their duties, and consequently in cutting them off, at last, from all public confidence and regard. Others are men and women of more mature years, who, finding opinions expressed at these meetings upon some one or more of the exciting topics of the time—such as Temperance, or Slavery, or the punishment of crime—in which they heartily sympathize, resort there, little regarding what may be said, in a smart or jeering manner, about Jesus Christ, his Apostles, or his Religion—and to these persons we commend a more grave consideration of the opinions they countenance by their presence, and, in fact, sustain, because they do not formally contradict them. But there are a few whose position is different from that of all the persons we have mentioned. These few know what Theodore Parker's whole drift and purpose is, and they encourage and mean to encourage him in it. They pay their money freely to sustain him and to help him on. They solicit others to come with them and hear him, and so they draw them in—the young or unwary—to listen to his opinions and follow in his footsteps. Some of these men have understood him from the first. They have always known, that he would strive to overturn the divine authority of Christianity in the minds of his hearers, and to overturn the institutions of our society that rest upon it. Such men are dangerous. Let them not be trusted. Let them neither be employed as teachers to the young, whom they will surely endeavor to mislead—nor sent to our

halls of legislation, where they will endeavor to bend the laws to their purposes—nor entrusted with any influence over the affairs of our community in any way whatever—for the affairs of a Christian community can never be safe in their hands. They are, in truth, the accomplices of a mischievous man, for mischievous purposes. For all our institutions—whether of government, or of justice, of religion, of education, or of benevolence—all, in short, that go to make up our civilization and constitute our happiness and well-being, rest upon Christianity as a revelation from God, and as of binding authority upon his creatures, because it is such. What General Cass said lately in the Senate of the United States, on this subject, is strictly true, and is of solemn importance to every man and woman among us. "Independent of its connection with human destiny hereafter," he said, "I believe the fate of Republican Governments is indissolubly bound up with the fate of the Christian religion, and that a people who repel its holy faith will find themselves the slaves of their own evil passions and of arbitrary power." We have, indeed, no other foundations whereon to rest a free government, and free and beneficent institutions like ours, except the moral and religious sense of a Christian people. Theodore Parker, and those who pay, support and encourage him are doing what they can to take away these foundations. Let us prevent them from being able to accomplish any part of their purpose; let us prevent them, if possible, from being able to pervert and ruin even one man among us.

From the Christian Observer.

MODERN FRENCH INFIDELITY.

Discours sur quelques Sujets Religieux. Par A. VINET. Paris: Delay.

WHEN the appointed hour is come, and when society is fully prepared for the influence of a master-mind, whose task it will be either to guide and enlighten it, or to act as a scourge in the hands of the Almighty, then the appropriate agent appears, and, by a sort of tacit acknowledgment on the part of his fellow-creatures, he finds himself invested with all the powers and responsibilities of a leader either for good or for bad. "The Lord hath made all things for himself; yea, even the wicked for the day of evil." This is the great Christian law of history; this is the only key to characters like those of Cyrus or Napoleon, Luther or Descartes. We would on the present occasion apply this test to one of the most eminent thinkers of the day, and endeavor to discover in the state of contemporary French society some explanation of the popularity which has so universally and so justly surrounded the name of M. Vinet.

Those alone amongst our readers who have attentively watched the mental development of the Continent, and more especially of France, during the last twenty years, can have any conception of the fermentation then going on in every mind. The first stage of the revolution in 1789 assumed essentially a political character; and although the destruction of Christianity was one of the objects pursued, yet the earlier republican generation aimed almost exclusively at an alteration in the existing ties between rulers and subjects. Engaged as they were in the daily task of feeding the guillotine, and protecting the frontiers against the attacks of Europe, they could not find

leisure to construct systems. Their creed was the deism of Rousseau; their gospel, the *contrat social*; their magna charta, the high-sounding and vague declaration of the rights of man. On the other hand, during all the period comprised between the second restoration and the Orleanist outburst in 1830, the thinkers of the republican school ventured one step higher. Perceiving clearly that the remodelling of society cannot be accomplished merely by hoisting the cap of liberty and erasing three fleurs-de-lys from a scutcheon, they set themselves quietly to the framing of a scheme which was to supersede effectually the word of God. They sought a panacea providing rules not only for the political, but for the economical, intellectual, social and religious wants of humanity. They explored every nook and corner of the realms of Utopia. Let us, however, mark this difference between the reformers of 1789 and those of 1830. Whilst Mirabeau, Robespierre, Marat, took for their motto Voltaire's *cri de guerre*, "Crush the wretch," our modern revolutionists pretended to acknowledge in the Gospel a power which *had been* for good; they merely, as they said, aspired to the high honor of commenting anew on the word of God, and of expanding or realizing the doctrines contained therein. An explosion soon became inevitable, and M. de Salvandy's oft-repeated sentence, "*Nous dansons sur un volcan*," was correct in every possible sense. When the revolution of the three days took place, an immense outpouring of mental lava found an issue in the formation of Saint Simonism, Communism, Neo-Christianism, and other associations started for the conversion of the world. Whilst Cousin and Jouffroy maintained the validity of moral philosophy to furnish, *per se*, a rule of life, Lamennais was already rushing down from the heights of Ultra-montanism to the slough of Ultra-infidelity. Auguste Comte systematized Utilitarianism, Gustave Drouineau attempted another modification of the Bible, and the celebrated George Sand protested against every law of society itself. Then, we must not forget to mention the state of imaginative literature; the more so as it is that class of writings which acts immediately upon the great majority of readers, and as the more destructive and dangerous doctrines have been continually brought forward under the garb of fiction with all the attractions of eloquence.

In the midst of such circumstances, the task of a Christian writer was both a difficult and a glorious one. He had to cope with enemies thoroughly furnished for a serious contest, and to assert, from a variety of standing-points, the everlasting verities of the Gospel. After having grappled with Cousin, he must follow the Saint Simonians on the ground of materialism. Michelet's historical conclusions are to be tested, Socialist ravings to be exposed. The sophisms, too, and the dazzling error of revolutionary novels, claim no small share of the critic's attention. Here is, as we see, work enough for several soldiers, who might have each, from a different defensive position, maintained against vigorous assailants the indefectibility of revealed truth. M. Vinet boldly presented himself, took up all the gauntlets hurled by the champions of rationalism; and the evident respect which his very antagonists entertained towards him, proved that his apologetic works were peculiarly adapted to the exigencies and intellectual claims of the age. As a journalist, a teacher, a divine, a pastor, and a controver-

sial writer, M. Vinet was equally prominent; if crowded congregations pressed round his pulpit, or eager audiences attended his lecture-room, the most illustrious *littérateurs* were proud of seeing their compositions noticed by M. Vinet. For men such as MM. Sainte Beuve, Guizot, and De Broglie, an hour's conversation at Lausanne with the "Semeur"—Aristarchus was the highest treat. The peculiarity of M. Vinet's literary criticism is, that he considers it as a branch—one of the most important branches—of practical divinity. For literature, properly viewed, is an expression of human life; and the author should never be examined as distinguished from the man. Now where man is introduced, Christianity steps in likewise; and a door is open for the preaching of the Gospel. We see thus, that the collection of M. Vinet's works on belles-lettres is quite as valuable in an apologetic point of view as the several volumes of his religious discourses; and when we think that his critiques embrace the master-pieces of French literature, we can form some idea of their merit.

In the Preface to his "*Discours sur quelques Sujets Religieux*," M. Vinet describes forcibly the state of the thinking part of Continental society as it manifested itself in 1831:—

Philosophers and men of the world (says he) invite us to approach them. After having, for a long time, stopped under the porch of metaphysics, they are now advancing towards the sanctuary. On all sides, a solution of the problem of life is sought; and we who know that solution, shall we keep it to ourselves? shall we refuse to pronounce the word because we must pronounce it in a language less familiar to us than to them? That word belongs to all idioms; that truth is susceptible of a thousand forms, a thousand various expressions—for it is to be found at the end of every question, every discussion, every idea. Whether it be long or short, direct or indirect, every road which leads to the foot of the Cross is a good one.*

We are not to be astonished at the fact that the French rationalists of the nineteenth century assailed Christianity with less of the virulence which characterized Voltaire and his disciples. Protestantism being, previous to 1789, a proscribed and condemned religion, the only supporters of revelation whose voice then could be freely heard were either the Jesuits, or a few court-bishops who had sold their conscience to Madame de Pompadour. The blunder of the Encyclopædist philosophers is, that they associated in their minds the Bible with Nonotte or Cardinal Dubois. Matters are now altered, at least in this respect; and infidel thinkers acknowledge that system to be worth examining, which is supported by Chalmers, Monod, or Vinet.

Two great objections are adduced against Christianity. The first is derived from the solemn, the serious tone of the Gospel; the second is the old worn-out argument of the opposition between reason and revelation. In answer to the first, we may say with M. Vinet, that those who are frightened by the requirements of God's word thus prove themselves to be almost convinced; and it is one of the preacher's aims to foster and nourish that holy fear which is the first step towards conversion. If we now turn to the second objection, our answer will be equally easy.

He who speaks of revealed religion (continues M. Vinet) thereby implies a doctrine which reason could

not have discovered, since God Himself delivered it to us through supernatural means. The Christian, then, denies the claims of reason in so far as it pretends to produce truth. The Christian does, within the limits of his own sphere, what the real philosopher produces within his. For the philosopher admits, on the authority of an inward revelation, facts towards the discovery of which reason is of no use whatever. It is no part of the metaphysician's duty to demonstrate *a priori* the phenomena of the inward revelation; this revelation being without antecedents, and anterior to every other data. The divine likewise acknowledges, in the domain of revealed facts, a truth superior to all others. He does not prove it; for that would be creating it. By thus acting, he does not deny reason; on the contrary, he avails himself of its services. The truth which is out of us must always be compared to the truth within us—to that intellectual conscience which, as well as the moral one, rules, pronounces judgments, and is acquainted with the pangs of remorse.

It must be tried by those irresistible axioms we carry in our mind, forming part of our nature, and constituting the substratum of our thoughts; it must be, in a word, measured by our reason. Every doctrine, according to this explanation, is bound to be reasonable; and we do not mean in any way to say, when we make this assertion, that every doctrine should be accessible to reason. Reason may very consistently accept what is above it.*

M. Vinet declares, in his preface, that moral philosophy, as a science, does not inspire him with great confidence. He admires the philosophical method; he thinks, and very justly, that the laws of generalization, classification, and abstraction, are necessary, even from a Christian point of view; but as for conceding to metaphysicians the possibility of tracing out for humanity a footpath towards the accomplishment of its destinies, he frankly maintains at once that it cannot be done. We still hear on all sides the cry that religion and philosophy are two sisters, working for the same object, giving to one another a useful, nay, an indispensable assistance.

Now (as M. Vinet says elsewhere), if by religion we understand a positive revelation of God's designs towards the human race; if by philosophy we mean that speculation which, embracing every question and every problem, seeks the unity of the whole and the secret of the Deity, we shall be thus bringing into contrast two absolute systems of demands, two laws for the harmonizing of our thoughts and actions. Now, considering the question in this light, we must not shrink from the avowal that religion and moral philosophy contradict one another. Religion, claiming to be the voice of God, assumes an absolute character of sovereignty. The assenting to these claims on the part of philosophy would be the signing of its own death-warrant; whilst, by denying them, philosophy denies religion, and pretends to reign alone.†

It is impossible, we think, to state the case at issue with more clearness or impartiality; and one of the peculiarities which fitted M. Vinet in an eminent degree for the difficult task of preaching to the learned of this world, is that he knew admirably the temper of the weapons wielded by his adversaries. To a highly logical mind he united learning and imagination, the whole being thoroughly subdued by the influence of Gospel Christianity. M. Vinet was indeed, as some one

* *Discours*, p. xiii.

† *Essai de philosophie morale*, Paris, 1837. 8vo.; first essay, pp. 2, 3.

* *Discours sur quelques sujets*, p. xi.

has denominated him, the Chalmers of Switzerland.

We cannot, of course, follow the author through the whole train of his argumentation; but a few passages will serve as a specimen; and we shall borrow here and there from his other works further illustrations proving the fertility and richness of his mind.

M. Vinet finds that the religion of the natural man (for he must needs have some religion) manifests itself under one of four shapes. Imagination, feeling, reason, conscience, seek constantly to satisfy their aspiration God-wards.

But imagination, in the first place, far from being the whole of our nature, does not constitute its best part. When imagination has been excited, man is in no closer communication with his Maker; his peace, his consolation, are as insignificant as they were before. The charm is a transient one; from the heights to which fancy raises him, man falls down upon himself, and there he does not find the Deity. The magnificent spectacles by which he has been entranced only serve to make him feel the enormous disproportion there is between the universe and his own barren soul.*

It would not be a very difficult task to select, by glancing at the history of French literature, numerous instances exposing the fallacy of a religion based upon imagination. Such a creed must necessarily resolve itself into a vague deism, or a pantheistic worship of nature. One of M. de Chateaubriand's most celebrated works, the *Génie du Christianisme*, is, as M. Vinet appropriately describes it,† an *exposé* of that doctrine; and if the illustrious author thought that the times called for a new defence of Christianity, we cannot say that the safer way of attracting the unbeliever's attention to the Cross was by strewing the narrow path with flowers. The Encyclopedists on the one hand, and the Roman Catholics on the other, Voltaire and the Cardinal de Rohan, had conspired to throw a ridiculous garb around our holy religion, to conceal its features under a mask of grimace; but was there no better refutation of these profanities than a code of taste applied to revelation? Not thus did the Apostles and Reformers act. A bottomless chasm separated St. Paul from Paganism; between Luther and Leo X. gaped an abyss. Instead of attempting to fill it up, and create an intermediate standing-place, Luther and St. Paul took their stand resolutely on the side of truth and holiness.

M. Vinet next examines the systems of religion founded respectively upon feeling, conscience, and the mere working of the intellect; and after having proved that the medium of communication between God and man is not there, he describes forcibly Christianity alone as satisfying the conflicting energies of our nature, and reducing into harmony the moral phenomena and the intellectual cravings of the human race.

There is an objection which is continually cast in the teeth of believers; and from the prominent place assigned to it by infidelity, we might expect to find it either really sound, or at least specious; but, carefully dissected, it turns out to be the very quintessence of shallowness. "The word of God," say our opponents, "is full of mysteries; therefore we cannot believe it." How lightly do some

persons decide generally upon the most important subjects! The pretension of understanding everything in a religion given to us by God, is unjust and extravagant. It is unjust; for if we have the means of ascertaining that the Bible is indeed a revelation from above, if we are placed in such a position that we can be fully satisfied as to the authority it claims to possess, we have no right to ask anything more; and by expressing any further complaint, or seeking further for an imaginary pledge of safety, we are questioning God's intentions towards us, and expecting from Him what He never promised to give us. Let us now take another step, and see whether the murmurs of infidelity are reasonable. What is religion? God Himself coming into contact with man—the Creator with the creature—the Infinite with the finite. This is already a mystery common to all religions, and in all religions equally insoluble. If, then, you are scandalized by such things as are beyond your understanding, you are stopped on the very threshold, not only of Christianity, but of that religion called *natural*, because it rejects revelations and miracles. For natural religion must at all events presuppose a relationship, a communication of some sort between God and man; otherwise we arrive at Atheism. You are then driven out of the pale of every belief, and you are not even permitted to be consistent Deists, because you have refused to be Christians.*

We, however, concede to you for a moment the right of clearing this first difficulty of admitting the bond of union we have just now been alluding to, and which you profess you cannot understand. Have you carefully examined the consequences of such a supposition? Do you see where it leads to? You are, as you yourselves acknowledge, connected with God in some mysterious way; therefore you are both free and dependent, and that is beyond your comprehension;—therefore God's Spirit can be understood by your own, and that is beyond your comprehension;—therefore your prayers can influence God's will, and that is beyond your comprehension. Such are a few of the mysteries which you are compelled to devour (*dévoré*), and for what? For the sake of establishing with the Deity a few very vague, very superficial, relations immediately bordering upon Atheism.†

From the quotations just given, the reader will see that M. Vinet is no mean logician; and it is certainly his undoubted superiority as an intellectual writer that prevents him from attaching an undue importance to the weapon he uses so well. He sees that in questions connected with religion the understanding alone cannot suffice; the most apposite inferences, the most conclusive syllogisms, the clearest definitions, are powerless *per se*; a man thoroughly at home in apologetics, a first-rate controversialist, may still be no Christian. "Love is necessary. Love is the only true interpreter of the verities of the Gospel. The learning of this world, and of the princes of this world, is overcome by the simplicity of love: love may be described as the wisdom of those who are perfect, according to the declaration contained in St. John's Epistle, 'every one that loveth, is born of God, and knoweth God.'" (1 John iv. 6.)

The same thing happens, then, between God and man, which we see taking place between two persons speaking different languages. An interpreter is needed who, thoroughly acquainted with both idioms, will

* Discours sur quelques sujets, p. 5, 6.

† M. Vinet's *Études sur la littérature Française au dix-neuvième siècle*. vol. i., p. 293.

* Discours sur quelques sujets, p. 15 et seq.

† Ibid., p. 22.

render accessible to the understanding of A, by a careful translation, the thoughts expressed by B. Now, love is the interpreter of the Gospel to the heart of man; love sheds light over all the truths contained in the Bible; not those truths relating to the essence of God, and the knowledge of which is, as we have seen, neither attainable by us, nor useful for us, but all the verities bearing upon our connection with God, and forming the very basis of religion. These axioms escape from the grasp of reason, but love appropriates them without the slightest difficulty.*

This passage suggests naturally a reference to one of the most celebrated books in French literature; we mean Pascal's *Thoughts*. The idea which predominates throughout the work of the great Port-Royalist thinker is precisely the same: the superiority of a heart-religion; the humbling of the intellect; scepticism pointed out as the terminus of all speculative deism. Some one has already said that M. Vinet and Pascal belong to the same family, and in their views of religion they have followed the same line with equal success. During an age when Descartes, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Malebranche, had done so much for the development of metaphysical science, if it was necessary that a stern but faithful witness should prove plainly that some searchers after truth may be after all little better than idol-worshippers, will any one deny the urgency of such a protest at the present time, when Schelling, Carlyle, and Fichte are, for the multitude, inspired prophets and expounders of soul-saving wisdom? The question, therefore, which chiefly concerns us is, Have we received by faith in our hearts the doctrines of the Gospel? Have they, from being an object of thought and investigation, become a precious gem in the treasury of our affections? A truth perceived and understood becomes mental property, available in conversation and argument, and helps to make a man intelligent as a friend, or able as a disputant; but before that same truth can exert a beneficial influence upon the heart or the life, it must be trusted to as a *sure support*, it must be obeyed as a *certain guide*, in the department to which it belongs. A union of love must be formed between the soul and truth, before truth will administer unto the soul's need and comfort; and, in order to this union, truth must usually be wooed and won. All truth, whether pertaining to mind or matter, eternity or time, God or man, must be gazed upon—clearly, steadily contemplated, in its pure and simple loveliness, until the heart kindles into a warm and glowing fervor, under the charms of its inherent excellence, and that truth becomes wedded to the soul.

Such a way of procedure is the only method of explaining a variety of passages in the Holy Scriptures—passages which, to the natural man, are as meaningless as so many hieroglyphics. "Behold the Lamb of God," "Look unto Me, and be ye saved," "Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." Such texts, and many other besides, contain the substance of those views on spiritual knowledge, so beautifully enforced by Vinet and Pascal.

The next point which invites our attention, is of the utmost importance; and, as a practical question, it cannot be sifted too thoroughly. We allude to the ethics of Christianity. It is not enough to give, if we may so say, the theory of the Gospel; we are bound to show how it works.

Here the thinker descends from the heights of dogmatic exposition; he enters upon the common-place business of life, and analyzes the different elements which constitute society. M. Vinet treats this part of his subject with a completeness, a power, which has seldom been equalled. In another work already quoted,* our author examines the real nature and principle of morality; and he strikingly contrasts them with the loose notions entertained by most people respecting the basis of the ethical science. That these notions are of a very questionable character, seems evident from a reference to any *book-shelf*. Who are the general literary favorites of the thinking classes? We must not forget that M. Vinet is addressing Frenchmen; but the same remark applies with nearly equal power to English readers. Montaigne, La Fontaine, Voltaire, Madame de Sevigné, are the text-books of the whole nation. Shall we account for the popularity these writers have enjoyed merely on literary grounds? No; the fact is, that their morality is never above the average low level; they are worldly, without having laid aside every idea of decency; they prescribe to each of us what our own nature dictates; disliking excess both in vice and in virtue; following that "happy medium" which is the "rotten-row" of civilized society; expert in the art of reconciling us to ourselves; convincing us that we need neither struggle nor aspire; they flatter our spiritual sloth, without precisely, *exceptis excipiendis*, revolting our moral sense. Read Montaigne's panegyrics; you will see that they agree to praise in him what they ought all to have blamed—his want of principle. By doing so, they have pronounced their own condemnation; they have proved how deficient they were themselves in that respect. Otherwise they could not but be struck by the looseness of his doctrines; they must have proceeded further, and acknowledged that in Montaigne there is no morality properly so called.

M. Vinet brings us once more in this manner to the domains of literary criticism, and he gives us an excellent instance of that earnest way of dealing with authors which ought to be always the reviewer's aim.

We must never forget it. At all times a school of moralists has prevailed in France, whose doctrines are as hurtful and as false as those of the Jesuits. Following Montaigne as their guide, they adopt for their code of morality the anti-dogmatical essays, called by Cardinal Duperron, the breviary of honest men. An honest man, according to that school, does not trouble himself about religious questions; he avoids as much as he can deciding on points of faith and of practice; and amidst conflicting opinions he steers a middle course, anxious especially not to get into difficulties. The honest man of most French moralists is selfishness itself. In that category we place La Rochefoucauld assuredly; La Bruyère, in spite of a chapter or two tacked on *pro forma* to his book on *characters*; Molière's *Cléante* in *Tartuffe*, is a perfect specimen; and Vauvenargues, although sometimes agreeing with Pascal, has not the courage to acknowledge openly, on all occasions, that we cannot serve both God and Mammon.

The popularity of Montaigne's work only serves to show how enormous the proportion of worldly-minded men is to the whole number of professing Christians, and how congenial to the unrenowned

* Discours sur quelques sujets, p. 30.

* Essais de philosophie morale, p. 48 et seq.

heart is the *far niente* of scepticism. It is evident that we cannot establish upon selfishness a lasting system of ethics. However high, however glorious, the reward may be, it is impossible that our duties towards God should be reckoned up, as if it were on a ledger or day-book at "*per so much*." For by doing so, you are introducing into morality a foreign, nay, a hostile element, since virtue essentially consists in the sacrifice of *self*. We may not see at once all the defects belonging to such a system; but they will by and by stare us in the face. We are quickly led to conclude, that the value of our actions depends upon the net result obtained; good is good only so far as it produces our happiness; vice, in the same manner, can never be called vice in an absolute sense; if you affix promises to vice, it becomes virtue; if you connect threatenings with virtue, it becomes vice. And, besides, we must remember that we are propounding a code of religious ethics; now, the first of our duties towards God is love. Let us, on the other hand, purify selfishness, idealize it, exalt it, reduce it to its quintessence; in its highest degree of perfection, it can never reach the dignity of love; we may combine and arrange our outward life; we may, through mere selfishness, abandon our goods to the poor, and our bodies to the executioner; we might as well endeavor to kindle a fire from the shock of two icicles, as determine that for the future we shall love, because our interest requires it.

M. Vinet examines, then, another system which makes abnegation the spring of our love towards God. Some men, actuated, we must confess it, by nobler impulses, have professed to practise virtue for virtue's sake. This is a step in the right direction; and every one who does not place himself upon a level with the brutes that perish, must give his unqualified assent to so elevated a scheme. Yes; but assent is not the only requisite. Who will realize the system we have just been describing? Who will reduce it into practice? Let us try and number those true worshippers from whom God obtains a heart-whole service, grounded upon pure love. Let us, to bring the question between a narrower compass, reckon up those who love God at all. For we must not mistake transient emotions, impulses, or feelings, for the calm but genuine love which the gospel enforces. Our entire nature must be renewed before we render to our heavenly Father a service acceptable in His sight.

Here, again, we are driven to Christianity. Christianity, like the sphinx of old, solves every mystery, elucidates every difficulty; and we may truly repeat the sentiment expressed by St. Paul: "Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?" (1 Cor. i. 20.) The morality laid down in the New Testament consists in loving God with all the heart, mind, and strength, and our neighbor as ourselves, with every other corresponding feeling and action; but this presupposes true repentance, followed by living faith in Christ; that faith which works by love, and purifies the heart, and is the sum and substance of Christian experience and practice.*

The statements we have hitherto been giving from M. Vinet, are certainly anything but flattering for our vanity; but it was indispensable to prove as convincingly as possible, that in the journey of life men commonly take the wrong road, blinded as they are by their prejudices. M. Vinet

is not the first who proclaimed the insufficiency of reason as a guide through our earthly pilgrimage. Pascal, Bossuet, most of the serious writers of the seventeenth century, did the same; and the highest value they set on philosophy was that which it really has in furnishing us with a *method*—an *instrument* for our researches.

A celebrated German divine, Doctor Tholuck, in one of his best works,* shows most clearly the folly of pretending that the unaided endeavors of moral philosophy can, although by a different way, bring us to the conclusion which we deduce from the data of divine revelation; and with all due respect for the name of Descartes as a thinker and a renovator of metaphysical science, we must admit that the logical consequences, the developments of his system, as evident amongst us at the present day, are not likely to increase our confidence in the merits of that teaching which philosophers pretend they alone can supply. Who was it but Descartes that prepared the way for Spinoza? From whom but Descartes do we derive that crazy idealism which has, under Schelling's hand, reduced us all to phantoms and to vague appearances, by proclaiming the doctrine of absolute identity?

M. Cousin may fulminate as he pleases against the detractors of philosophy; he may say that M. Vinet's piety was, like Pascal's, convulsive and ridiculous; and that the Lausanne divine would drive men to accept the Gospel merely out of despair. Be it so: it is no slur, we think, on Christianity, to insinuate that despair makes it acceptable. When, after having studied the problem of our destiny, we nowhere meet with an answer calculated to satisfy us, if we can sit down quietly and await our doom in all the false security of indifference, we must be past feeling indeed.

If the anatomy of human nature, as given by M. Vinet, is not attractive, it is true, as no one can deny who has searched his own heart, and ascertained the extent of its deceitfulness. In an age like the one we live in, when every question has been discussed till it is thread-bare, and when Goethe's Faust seems to be the embodiment of civilized humanity, the work of destruction was required most urgently upon our intellectual idols. M. Vinet's blows are dealt with an unsparing hand at all those broken reeds we cling to so pertinaciously. He strips us of the rags under which we endeavor to conceal our misery; and leaving us alone in the presence of Eternity, he makes us seek a landing-place on the Rock of ages.

We must now dismiss the volume before us, with the earnest hope that our readers will be induced to peruse it themselves. It comprises twenty-six sermons, or rather essays, adapted to that class of persons forming what is generally called the intellectual part of society. M. Vinet's style is distinguished by its clearness, and at the same time by its beauty; he is as stern a logician as M. de Maistre, but he does not disdain the ornaments of language. That brilliant school of thinkers, which, under the guidance of Cousin, Royer Collard, and others, gave a new impulse to French metaphysics, appreciated M. Vinet; and however erroneous their view of Christianity might be, they always most willingly listened to that voice which eloquently announced to them, from the pulpit of Lausanne, the unsearchable riches of Christ. It is a very curious fact that M. Vinet, associated as he was with the history and tradi-

* Discours sur quelques sujets, p. 147.

* Guido und Julius.

tions of French literature, never visited France. His position, far from the artificial influence of Paris coteries, fitted him perhaps all the better for his task as a critic; at all events it justifies us in believing that the reputation he has obtained is quite unconnected with anything like charlatanism or quackery.

Born at the village of Crassier, in the canton of Vaud, M. Vinet was fifty years old when he entered into his rest, May 4th, 1847. The concluding period of his life had been marked by dispensations and trials of the most painful character. It will be remembered that in the month of February, 1845, a democratic revolution broke out at Lausanne, which ended, as is usually the case, by the entire destruction of liberty, civilization, and happiness. The mob obeyed blindly the impulses of a few leaders, who were the more guilty because they acted against those principles to which they themselves appealed. A government derived from brute force and violence naturally directed its first attacks upon moral worth and intellectual superiority. The whole company of the Pasteurs, the Professors of the University, the magistrates suspected of pietism, or in fact orthodox piety, were immediately dismissed to make room for demagogues, club-orators, and street-politicians. As far as his private interests were concerned, M. Vinet was prepared to give up everything and to take up his cross. But he felt for his country, he blushed at the sight of its degradation; and whilst saying from his heart, "It is the Lord," he looked around, saw his friends scattered, his pupils gone, the Gospel proscribed. . . . He never recovered the shock. In times of political strife and civil disturbances, happy he of whom it can be said: *Non vidit obsessam curiam et clausum armis senatum!* happy he who has not been compelled to mourn for the prostration of his native land at the feet of irreligious and unscrupulous licentiousness!

From the Times.

THE WALHALLA AT TAMWORTH.

THE late Sir Robert Peel seldom admitted any one beyond the circle of his private friends to see his fine mansion, and his picture-gallery especially was guarded with unusual care. That gallery he attached by his will to the estate, so that whatever may, at any future time, become of the one, the other goes with it. The very fact of such a testamentary provision shows the peculiar light in which he regarded this portion of his property. When the matter is a little further inquired into, one begins to see many reasons why this remarkable man should be so jealous of his paintings—so watchful to preserve them from the vulgar eye—so solicitous that they should share the fortunes of the soil to which he has attached them. In that gallery he had collected likenesses of his most eminent contemporaries, and entering therein was like lifting the veil from his most private thoughts, and catching his measure of the other great performers on the stage of life by whom he was surrounded. He was not a man to brook that scrutiny, or to let the world even guess at his emotions, as in retirement at Drayton he quietly communed with himself on the faces looking down upon him from the walls of his favorite gallery. Public curiosity may now, however, be safely and fairly indulged, nor have the family of the deceased any reason to fear that any uses can be made of that

gallery other than creditable to his memory and consistent with his established fame. It contains one picture only dedicated to the drama, and the selection of that is in itself significant. The subject is John Kemble as Rolla, the painter Lawrence, and this noble work of art, so full of power, occupies the most conspicuous position in the gallery. So much for the drama. In the world of poetry a stronger predilection is shown. There is Southey, his delicate ethereal features sublime with thought, sitting under the shadow of a moss-grown rock, with his notebook and pencil by his side, and a dreamy landscape in the distance, towards which his eyes wander. This is also by Lawrence. Then we have Wordsworth, and Rogers, and Byron; the first by Pickersgill, the second by Lucas, and the last by Phillips—and all good likenesses. These are the contemporary poets whom Sir Robert admitted to his gallery. Further back in point of time, but brought down for close inspection as a special favorite, there is Pope's sharp, inquisitive face, painted by Richardson; and we also observed a painting of Cowley when he was a child. Of men eminent in science two moderns attract special attention—the one is Professor Owen, the other Cuvier—splendid portraits, and both painted by Pickersgill. Nothing can well be more interesting than to compare the faces of these two men, like in their researches, and equally endowed by nature with features through which intellectual power shines with unmistakable lustre. In that contrast alone there is food for hours of delightful speculation. The only other portrait of a *sagan* that we noticed was Dr. Buckland. Of contemporary divines there is but one in the gallery—a great man—finely painted, Dr. Chalmers, by Watson Gordon: the bar and the bench are represented by Sir William Follett, Curran, Lords Eldon, Stowell, and Lyndhurst, Mr. Justice Blackstone, and one or two more. The likeness of Follett is not very good, and that of Lyndhurst is also rather flat and heavy; but most of the rest are Lawrences, and the Curran especially is a triumph of portrait-painting. Never were Milesian features more perfectly rendered, and, as you gaze, the piercing eyes and arched eyebrows seem about to start from the canvas, to transfix you with sarcasm or shake your sides with a joke. Of men of war the gallery contains a collection moderate enough to satisfy the scruples of the greatest peacemonger. The duke, of course, is one, painted by Lawrence; Lord Hardinge, another; and Sir G. Cockburne, the third. Sir Henry Hallford's is the only one in the medical profession; and Hallam is the historian honored by a place upon the wall. We now come to contemporary statesmen; and among them we find Brougham, Ellenborough, Goulburn, Buxleugh, Stanley, Graham, Canning, Gladstone, Lincoln, Aberdeen, Horner, Lord Erskine, Liverpool, Huskisson, Wellesley, and the late Earl Gray. The likeness of Lord Brougham is by Morton, and is a marvellous production. He is represented sitting in a sort of brown study, in a sombre-looking library, with the light falling fantastically upon his shoe, and giving to the whole portrait, in the finest manner, the restless, impetuous, wayward character of the man. Lord Ellenborough is also a fine picture, but, with the exception of Lord Aberdeen's, the members of Sir Robert's administration represented have not been painted with more than good average ability. The picture of Canning is a very fine work of art, and, indeed

inferior to nothing in the gallery. He is given in the act of addressing the House, and all the fire of debate is concentrated in his expressive, handsome countenance. The portraits of Lord Wellesley, Lord Liverpool, and Lord Grey, are also excellent; and those of Horner, Huskisson, and Lord Erskine, though on a small scale, bring out well the characters of the men. Of statesmen belonging to past times there figures a head of Burke by Sir Joshua Reynolds, the colors of which are deteriorating fast; a full length of Pitt, by Gainsborough; and portraits of Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Grenville. One other feature of this famous gallery remains to be noticed, and it completes one's idea of those faces with which the late Sir Robert Peel delighted to decorate his walls. We refer to the family portraits, which are just three in number. There is the first Sir Robert, a hale, shrewd-eyed old man, on one side; on the other his distinguished son, younger than most of us remember him, and with his head and countenance somewhat idealized by Lawrence; between them Lady Peel, a delicate, highly-feminine face, and the only specimen of the fair sex admitted to consort with an assemblage so illustrious. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;" and so Peel, in the midst of his political friendships, did not forget to find room for a record of his father and his wife. Such is the gallery which he attached to the possession of Drayton manor, that no accident might dissipate its contents, and that the human interests with which, in his eyes, it was invested, might as long as possible be preserved. The billiard-room also contains some choice specimens from the Dutch schools; some fine paintings by Danby, Linton, and Collins, one by Wilkie, another by Landseer; several busts by Chantrey, and a glorious picture of the "Israelites leaving Egypt," by David Roberts. The *chef d'œuvre* of poor Haydon—"Napoleon at St. Helena," is now placed in the dining-room, where it is seen to great advantage, and where the only other picture introduced is (appropriately enough) a likeness of Louis le Grand.

LICENSE OF COUNSEL.

DR. ELLIOTSON has the following statement in the January number of the *Zoist*:—

Many wonder how I have been able to bear up against the dire hostility and coarse abuse of my professional brethren. I have borne up because I knew that I had taken all possible means to ascertain the truth of Mesmerism. I knew that I had taken equal pains with every medical subject before I advocated it, and that everything which I had advocated, had at length been admitted. Twenty years ago, I was a medical witness in a cause in which Mr. Thesiger was the junior counsel on the opposite side. When I had given my testimony unfavorably to him, he suggested to the senior counsel who had cross-examined me to ask *whether I did not use the stethoscope*; and his purpose was to show that I was fool enough to use it, and therefore my evidence not worth attention. I replied, "Yes, in all diseases of the chest;" and the Judge, Lord Abinger, scouted the absurdity of my being the less qualified to give good evidence in the case—one of epilepsy.

Sir Frederick Thesiger is not aware that his name is sure to endure in the annals of medicine as that of an English barrister whose hope to disparage a physician in a court of justice, by signaling him as an employer of the stethoscope, proved in what contempt the use of this instrument was once held by the majority of the medical profession in England, some of whom had unquestionably abused his ignorance, as

many now abuse the ignorance of their patients on the subject of mesmerism.

This very day, Dec. 15, 1852, I was a second time a medical witness in a cause in which the same barrister was on the opposite side. But what a change! The case was one in which my evidence depended upon observations I had made with the stethoscope. These I had to detail. The Judge, Chief Justice Jervis, comprehended them all, and they formed an important part of the medical evidence, and greatly contributed to the success of my side; and 2,000*l.* damages were awarded to my deceased patient's family. Sir Frederick Thesiger, now leading counsel and Attorney-General, made no attempt to sneer at the stethoscope, but accepted all the symptoms ascertained by me with it, as he did the rest. Neither, must I add, did he sneer at mesmerism, and attempt to damage my evidence by it; and this I regard as a proof of the firm root which mesmerism has taken. That this was from no love of me was clearly shown by his conduct towards me. For he told the Jury that I wished to have it believed that I knew more than anybody, and was so determined to appear right, that I had said what positively I had not said. I had stated that a heart might be overgrown outwards (*excentric hypertrophy*) so that its external bulk was increased; or that its overgrowth might be inwards, and its bulk not increased, but its substance thickened and its cavities lessened, and that this is called inward overgrowth (*concentric hypertrophy*.) I added that some writers deny the latter form, and regard the appearances as the result of very strong muscular contraction before death. But I distinctly declared that I begged not to give any such opinion. To have regarded the thickening of the heart in the individual case as the result of strong contraction was impossible, for the bulk was not less than natural, as it must be when the increased thickness and the diminished size of the cavities are caused by very strong contraction. To have said this could have answered no purpose; for my sole object was to urge the fact that the case in question was one of greatly increased thickness inwards, with great diminution of the cavities. How this state was produced, mattered not; its existence was my point.

The Chief Justice summed up immediately after this address, and delivered a most able charge, mastering completely all the medical parts of the case, and stating correctly all that I had said.

Had Sir Frederick Thesiger thus attacked me in the cross-examination, I could have fought with him; but he courageously deferred it till I was not permitted to reply. To represent me fancying I knew everything, and, right or wrong, determined to be right, was vulgar enough; but to declare I had said what I did not say, and had said this to serve a purpose, was an accusation which he would not have ventured to make in private life; and I cannot conceive why a man, when pleading as a barrister, should depart in the least from the rules of conduct which are observed among gentlemen in private society.

THE French under Napoleon III. now claim the music of the British National Hymn, "God save the King." It was, they say, composed by Lulli, by order of Madame de Maintenon, for Louis XIV., and they account for its transportation to England by asserting that Handel copied it at Versailles, brought it to London, and passed it off as his own. Some of the musical journals of Paris have very recently revived this curious claim, and one of them gives the following as the words to which Lulli composed his music.—

Grand Dieu sauve le roi,
Grand Dieu venge le roi,
Vive le roi!

Que toujours glorieux,
Louis Victorieux,

Voie ses ennemis
Toujours soumis!

From the Examiner.

Money and Morals: A Book for the Times. By JOHN LALOR. Chapman.

We have delayed our notice of this book longer than we intended, but it has too many claims to attention to be passed over altogether. Its leading purpose is expressed in its title, and may be described as an attempt to exhibit a more intimate union, or connexion, existing between political and moral science than financial reasoners have always been ready to admit. The treatise consists of three parts. The first part deals entirely with political economy, propounding the author's views upon money. The second carries out those views, or enters independently into such questions of the day as Taxation, Emigration, Partnership, National Defence, &c. The third part deals still more with questions of the day—National Decay, Mr. Macaulay at Edinburgh, the Pope, Puseyism, and other things. The connexion existing between the various topics discussed, we must remark, is not very clear. We are told, however, in the preface, that the last two parts are "little more than an introduction to that which was at first intended to be the substance of the work, but which it has been found impossible to execute at present." We are content, therefore, to consider the entire work projected by Mr. Lalor as still unexecuted, and to regard the present volume not as that work which would probably have been whole, sound, and faultless, but as a volume of conversation upon topics of the day by a warm-hearted and thoughtful man. Taken in such a sense the book will please most men who are themselves warm-hearted and thoughtful.

Its great defect as it stands is the presence of too many tropes and figures in a discussion exacting calmness and precision of expression as well as of thought. There is a fervor of style in Mr. Lalor's writing which will assist in suggesting to the student of this book that he is a listener and not a reader. We prudently decline to enter into discussion of the vexed question, What is Money? but we will show generally what are Mr. Lalor's views on the subject, and with what ardent phrases he supports them. He disclaims the scientific school of reasoning altogether, throws over your Ricardos, Huskissons, and Horners; rejects gold as the practical measure of value; with that sagacious statesman Mr. Vansittart, substitutes "a pound painted in the air" for the definite quantity of gold which alone, to the Ricardo philosophy, represents the pound sterling; and, reasoning from such airy and unsubstantial premises, arrives at a conclusion to which, as we think (and may hereafter take another opportunity of showing), a sounder view of facts and clearer train of reasoning might equally have conducted him—namely, that no possible increase in the supply of Australian or Californian gold is likely so to find its way into the channels of circulation as to lower the value of the currency, and increase the prices of commodities.

But let us exhibit Mr. Lalor's manner of reasoning and writing. He gives to bankers the privilege of increasing the wealth of the country not simply by their notes, for in his opinion they also make money by entries in their books which credit any man with a loan and gives him title to draw checks upon it. We decline to endorse Mr. Lalor's political economy with our acceptance, but we will let him speak for himself. "The sum total," he says,

Of the paying power must be considered as the money of England. It consists, as has been said, of

gold, bank-notes, and transferable bank credits because all these, by general consent, operate as a perfect payment, and there is nothing else that does so in that large and governing class of transactions which take place between dealers and consumers. It must, of course, be assumed that a banker never opens a credit upon himself in order to *purchase*, but only in order to lend. This being assumed, bank credit is at once separated as a paying power, always definite in amount from private credit, which when used to purchase does not pay or close the transaction, and in amount is perfectly indefinite. The latter is, as Mr. Fullarton says, an illimitable element of *purchasing* power. No man who has credit knows how much goods it will enable him to obtain, but every one knows how much he can on the instant pay for.

Bullion, bank-notes, and bank credits, then, in a certain important aspect, may be regarded as a uniform mass; but the mass is, in reality, like the crust of the earth, composed of different layers or *strata*, which differ from each other in stability and texture, even more than the oldest rocks do from the light sand which is tossed in interminable billows by the blasts of the desert. At the bottom is the bullion, the primeval granite, out of which all the others have been formed, and upon which they repose. Then comes the first layer of credit, the bank-note, to the eye a much lighter formation, and yet so solidified by its contact with the bullion, as to be fairly comparable to those crystalline slates and marbles which the central heat has assimilated to the subjacent rock. At the top, not like to any part of the solid earth so much as to the storm-vexed ocean, or to the still more stormy atmosphere, floats the third portion of the aggregate, itself a succession of layers, and liable, especially in its upper regions, to changes swift as light, from the most profound calm to the wildest fluctuations.

The credits, however, are nice matters to adjust, as Mr. Lalor tells us and enforces upon us with his usual array of figures. Figures (we mean figures of speech) are the strong point of Mr. Lalor.

The banker grants every loan-credit at his peril, for it makes him liable to pay two parties with the same money. As, from the constant intermingling of transactions, each series of such credits becomes in its turn the foundation of a second and even a third series, the delicate structure is continually rising, while its base of cash is growing smaller, until its fragile proportions, contrasting with the vast weight of the transactions which it sustains—as in the case of the Crystal Palace itself—mingle awe with the admiration of the spectator. Light as it looks, however, it is equal to its burden, in all ordinary times; and, in extraordinary, we have seen how, with facility and speed, its upper stories can be made to shoot down into the lower, like the tubes of a telescope, until only the more solid walls are left standing in front of the danger. It is true fairy wonder; and of all the social architects who have to deal only with material interests, the bankers are those whose art gives the most distinct sense of the ascendancy over matter of a spiritual power.

It requires a large figure to present to the mind an idea of the bankers' clearing house, in which three millions of money change hands daily, but Mr. Lalor is equal to the occasion. He puts the matter home to us with an earthquake, a volcano, and the movements of the heavenly bodies in their orbits.

What a mechanism is this, and, as human beings are its parts, what a moral discipline there is in it! What clearness of thought, exact subordination and obedience, patience, punctuality, fidelity are indispensable, to prevent it from playing off into irretrievable confusion! We are so accustomed to this beautiful order, that we never imagine what its disruption would

be, though in truth an opening of the earth beneath our feet, and an upboiling of the nether abyss, would scarcely spread a wider devastation; but happily its harmonious revolution goes on from year to year with unbroken continuity, "unhasting, unresting," like the spheres in their silent path.

The aggregate amount of the bank credits, Mr. Lalor tells us, "forming part of the actual stock of money is evidently the work of the bankers," and it is explained by spiders, suns, and ganglions:

It is a gossamer web, woven spider-fashion, out of their personal credit; or rather it is a highly-elastic medium radiating out from and drawn back to the bankers as so many centres, necessarily contracting or expanding in its whole volume as it does so; but governed by impulses, which cannot be fully shown, except step by step, and as the successive portions into which this work is divided present themselves. The whole is an organized and highly sensitive mass, of which each banker is as essentially a part as each separate ganglion is of the whole nervous system of the human body.

The monetary system of this country is, scientifically speaking, according to Mr. Lalor, a system of periodical gluts. If new gold were to be felt sensibly at all as an accession to the money of the country,—

The enormous flood of capital would beat and dash with turbid and tumultuous waves into all the channels of discount, into every opening of industrial investment. The extravagance and orgies of 1845 might burst out into a yet more fearful development. Speculators of every unsightly form might be generated according to the old fable, like monsters in the slime of the Nile. The atmosphere might become foul and putrescent with the mephitic exhalations of covetousness, stripped of every vesture of shame, and the crapulous excesses of coarse natures drawing from sudden wealth only animal enjoyments. Yet would all this leave the bulk of the gold hoards unmoved. For a hundred millions added to income, four or five might be drawn into the currency, but like the violence of the strain would be the violence of the recoil. Crushing, desolating, revolutionary, the recoil would come, flinging up the base to rank and wealth, casting down the noble, enriching the usurer, robbing the widow, rending the social ties on every hand; in one word, *demoralizing*, and hurrying all yet faster down on that steep descent which leads to unknown, but most awful issues. I suppose the worst. I suppose the utmost activity of capital coming in the manner I have mentioned, in which case it could only reproduce on a larger scale, and with cycles more rapid and destructive, effects similar to those which have followed from our own accumulations. The best that could be hoped respecting such capital in our present state is, that it would be *wholly inactive*.

Application of the principle of universal competition to the Bank of England Mr. Lalor regards as a disastrous error. We have said enough, however, to indicate the path taken by Mr. Lalor as a political economist, and quoted enough to show the principal faults with which his volume can be charged.

In many other very essential respects the book calls for our commendation. It touches in a manly way on many topics of the day; it speaks out plainly, and with the best feeling, the opinions of an individual reasoner; and it can hardly fail to do good to its reader. It should be taken, we have before said, not as writing but as conversation. Mr. Lalor tells us, and we shall perhaps do well to repeat, that although the matter written had been long subject to reflection, he wrote hastily during

the short interval between seasons of depressing ill health. He has written down, or rather spoken out, his whole mind, fairly and unreservedly, upon the topics which he treats; and he is essentially a right-minded man. His sympathies and tendencies are all towards the generous and good, and his reflections are those of a conscientious, able thinker. There is therefore abundant matter for reflection offered to the reader of his pages.

The following portion of a sketch of the existing moral state of France will illustrate the healthy tone of mind in which the book is written:

It requires very little knowledge of the French people to see that the appetite for sensual enjoyments of all kinds has been whetted to a most dangerous sharpness within the last half-century. The upper class is probably superior in moral character to the same class in the days of Louis XV.; but the great bulk of the nation has had its desires aroused by influences from which the misery and oppression of former days was a kind of protection. New wealth has been actually attained by a portion of the middle class, but the passion for new wealth has been universally excited. The popular reading shows the popular taste. What is to be inferred from the universal and greedy perusal of such works as the "Count of Monte Christo" and the "Wandering Jew" but this, that the images on which the mass of minds love to dwell are those of immense wealth, and the varied powers of luxurious enjoyment which it affords? Here, then, is evidence of a great development of the impulses to personal gratification in classes whose position must shut them out from it. Where are the corresponding moral restraints? Upon this point it would be rash to dogmatize, because the moral restraints operating upon the life of a people often escape the eye of a foreign observer; but the evidence is too clear to leave a doubt in the mind of anybody, that the restraining principles of French society have been weakened or destroyed to an extent almost unexampled. In the army, indeed, but in the army alone, there is a stern and perfect discipline sustained by sentiments of the most powerful kind. Whatever may be the case in other respects, the military virtues of the French show no decay. The old valor is still there, and the subordination which gives it effect is only too complete. The work of M. de Vigny, "De la Servitude Militaire," describes the settled principle of self-abnegation, refined and beautiful even in its excess, which makes the French officer an instrument in the hands of his superior, and which, by the invariable laws of moral relation, confers social ascendancy on the body amongst whom it prevails. Let us study the spirit of the French army in the pages of De Vigny, and that of the French bourgeoisie, with reasonable allowance for caricature, in the *Jérôme Paturot* of M. Reybaud, and we shall be at no loss to understand why France must, for a long time to come, obey a military government.

It is true, indeed, that in any comprehensive survey of the indication of moral character in France, much is met with which commands not only respect but admiration. The readiness with which the people are moved by appeals made to the more generous feelings and the lofty self-denial and chivalrous delicacy of sentiment frequently displayed by common workmen, are signally characteristic of France. The revolutionary history, too, is as rich as that of any heroic age in examples of patriotic self-devotion; and even more honorable than those bursts of disinterested enthusiasm is the calm and inflexible adherence to principle shown by particular classes—by both republican artisans and royalist nobles, in their fidelity to their respective political standards; by members of the judicial body, in the honorable discharge of their high trust, without regard to the frowns of power; and still more by the many able journalists, who, in spite of the greatest temptations, have refused to lend

their sanction to the last violent change in the constitution. But, notwithstanding these favorable indications, the general fact, that the mass of society in France has undergone, and is undergoing, a moral change which is *not* improvement, is apparent throughout the whole of its moral and political controversies, and nowhere more clearly than in the pages of M. Comte himself. The great fact which is continually present to the mind of M. Comte is that of *moral decomposition*—progressive moral and intellectual anarchy—or a constant approach to that state of universal personal isolation in which all the ties between man and man are broken, and in which every restraint imposed by tradition and early education has been uprooted.

It will be seen by this extract, which is really a fair specimen of the intellectual temper of the book, that Mr. Lalor's *Money and Morals*, in spite of some defects of manner and reasoning, contains matter that will interest the public. It contains a genuine expression of much good and independent thought, and any volume that has such contents can rarely fail to be acceptable.

From the Ladies' Companion.

MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

TWENTY-FOURTH OF OCTOBER, 1852.

COMES there a frigate home? what mighty bark
Returns with torn, but still triumphant sails?
Such peals awake the wondering Sabbath—hark!
How the dread echoes die among the vales.

What ails the morning, that the misty sun
Looks wan and troubled in the autumn air?
Dark over Marshfield!—'t was the minute gun;
God! has it come that we foreboded there?

The woods at midnight heard an angel's tread;
The sere leaves rustled in his withering breath;
The night was beautiful with stars; we said,
"This is the harvest moon"—'t was thine, O Death!

Gone, then, the splendor of October's day!
A single night, without the aid of frost,
Has turned the gold and crimson into gray,
And the year's glory, with the world's, is lost.

A little while, and we rode forth to greet
His coming with glad music, and his eye
Drew many captives, as along the street
His peaceful triumph passed, unquestioned, by.

Now there are moanings, by the desolate shore
That are not ocean's; by the patriot's bed,
Hearts throb for him whose noble heart no more—

Break off the rhyme; for sorrow cannot stop
To trim itself with phrases for the ear—
Too fast the tears upon the paper drop;

Fast as the leaves are falling on his bier,
Thick as the hopes that clustered round his name,
While yet he walked with us, a pilgrim here.

He was our prophet—our majestic oak,
That, like Dodona's, in Thesprotian land,
Whose leaves were oracles, divinely spoke.

He was our Daniel—'mid the roar of men,
He, in the stormy senate, stood serene,
Like his great namesake in the lion's den.

We called him giant, for in every part
He seemed colossal; in his port and speech,
In his large brain, and his larger heart.

And when upon the roll his name we saw—
Of those who govern—then we felt secure,
Because we knew his reverence for the law.

So the young master of the Roman realm
Discreetly thought; we cannot go astray,
Not far astray, with Ulpian at the helm.

But slowly to this loss our sense awakes;
To know what space it in the forum filled,
See what a gap the temple's ruin makes!

Kings have their dynasties, but not the mind!
Cæsar leaves other Cæsars to succeed;
But Wisdom, dying, leaves no heir behind.

Who now shall stand the regent at the wheel?
Who knows the dread machinery? who hath skill
Our course through oceans unsurveyed to feel?

Her mournful tidings Albion lately sent
How he, the victor in so many fields,
Fell, without fighting, in the fields of Kent;

The chief whose conduct in the lofty scene
Where England stood up for the world in arms,
Gave her victorious name to England's queen.

But peaceful Britain knows, amid her grief,
She could well spare the soldier and his sword;
What can our councils do without our chief?

Blest are the peace-makers! and he was ours,
Winning by force of argument, the right
For kindred, rather than for rival powers.

Let us be thankful, if we kept aloof
From their calumnious rank who slandered him,
Putting his fineness to their venom's proof.

It hurt him not; for if his gold contained
Some specks of earth, it was not such as theirs,
But only human crystal that remained.

The richest stones, the most refined and pure,
Most need the lapidary's wisest hand.
Man, without error, make thy cutting sure!

The autumn rains are falling on his head;
The snows of winter soon shall be his shroud;
And spring with violets will adorn his bed;

And summer shall be joyful on the shore
Where he is sleeping; but the breath of spring,
Or summer sunshine, will not wake him more.

Resume the rhyme, and end the funeral strain;
Dying, he asked for song—he did not slight
The harmony of numbers—let the main
Sing round his grave great anthems, day and night.

Not with vain hope to hang upon his hearse
A little, selfish trophy of our own,
We give to grief this tributary verse,
But simply to record the nation's moan.

We have no high cathedral for his rest,
Dim with proud banners and the dust of years;
All we can give him is New England's breast
To lay his head on—and ten thousand tears.
Boston, U. S., November 1, 1852.

From Household Words.

FRENCH WOODEN SHOES.

"Burn my shoes!" is an imprecation which implies its utterer to be as unrelenting in his evil intentions as the principal actors in those horrid cases, where the victims of murder are consumed by fire, after having been deprived of life. To burn a man's shoes is hardly easier than to burn his body. Successful instances of such atrocity must happily be rare, from the very nature of the material. I knew one female, however, whom the green-eyed monster sometimes excited to throw her husband's best walking shoes upon the back of the fire, whenever, in one of her paroxysms, she suspected he was about to pay a visit to the neighboring town; but it is scarcely credible that she contrived to burn them utterly out of the way. She might scorch and torture them, making them writhe and shrink over the blazing coals; but without a furnace seven times heated, there still would remain blackened fragments in evidence of her criminal folly. If the object of this quaint form of self-commination was to convey to the mind a complete destruction and disappearance of the articles imprecated, the words should have been, not "Burn my shoes!" but, "Burn my *sabots*!" That would have implied something like utter extermination and "chawing up."

Now there exists, south of the English Channel, a powerful and populous nation, the great majority of whose appendages to their feet are extremely liable to be burnt. *Sabot* is a French word, which our dictionaries interpret to mean "wooden shoes;" and in the present paper I shall make use of the original term by which the original subject of it is called—not for the sake of affecting to employ foreign words, and so making a poor exhibition of superficial learning—but, both because it is shorter and simpler than its English representatives, and because they give only an imperfect idea of the thing itself. A *sabot* is a *sabot*, and not a wooden shoe, although it is a thing made of wood to be worn by the feet of human creatures for the sake of warmth and defence. A *sabot* is no more a shoe, than a moccasin and a Grecian sandal make a pair of shoes. It ranks intermediately between a piece of armor and an article of dress, inclining rather to the former class of nouns substantive. The Germans, who call a glove a "hand-shoe," might fairly translate *sabot* as a "foot-gauntlet," or a "foot boxing-glove." It is occasionally employed in that way by its wearers, as well as to serve them as a protection against mud, and wet, and pebbly paths, and sloppy standing-places. It is thus analogous to the snow-shoe, which bears the Laplander so safely over the dangers of his path; of existing lives more may perhaps owe their preservation to the *sabot* than to the snow-shoe—or, if a comparison with things worn by animals be permitted, a pair of *sabots* carries a man through the Sloughs of Despond with which back lanes and cross roads abound during February and November, much in the same style as four circular pieces of iron with a hole in the middle (horse-shoes it is impossible to call them) preserve the feet of the pack mules of Vesuvius and Etna from the sulphureous ashes and lava, which would otherwise reduce their hoofs to the condition of burnt-out brimstone matches. The simile ought to give the less offence to human pride, inasmuch as *sabot*, in French, means not only what we are now considering, but also the horny box

which constitutes a horse's or donkey's hoof; and even the brazen claw, or foot, which supports while it ornaments a bureau or a chest of drawers. Moreover, a child's top (peg or whip) is also a *sabot*. The common phrase, "to sleep like a *sabot*," though it may fairly bear the novel interpretation, "to sleep like a wooden shoe"—as the Germans say, "to sleep like a stone"—is really nothing more than "to sleep like a top."

The *sabot* is an ancient, national, and peculiar mode of protecting the lower extremities, which is made use of, either constantly or occasionally, by upwards of thirty millions of men, women, and children; by whom it is regarded quite as an article of necessity, as well as of comfort. It is ancient; for, to go no further back than two thousand years, we learn from Cicero that parricides at Rome were fitted with a pair of *sabots* before they were sown up in the sack in which they were drowned. It is national and healthful; for, Diderot tells us that, some hundred years ago, a London physician prescribed a pair of *sabots* to a child of quality who promised to be rickety, but that not a single *sabot* could be found in all Great Britain, and they were obliged to send across the Channel to obtain them. *Sabots* are cherished by the whole Gallic race. The gentry, clergy, nobility, and magistrates of France, now and then enshrine their toes in these wet-repelling snuggeries—I do not say while promenading in the garden of the Tuileries, or on their appearance at a ball within that caravanserai of monarchs; but at suitable times, and seasons, and places. *Sabots*, nevertheless, are not excluded from all ball-rooms; and there is an old-fashioned dance called *La sabotière*, which is as respectable in its way as the hornpipe, the jig, the reel, or the tarantella.

I have actually put my foot into a *sabot*, and the sock, or *chausson*, which those who can afford it wear with it. Both were warm and comfortable; and before my readers laugh too scornfully at hearing how cat-like the French are in their aversion to stepping into, or standing in puddles, I would like them to ask their medical man what good is to be got by walking about in pumps, with the thermometer at the genial temperature of thirty-five degrees, and the rain-gauge at an overflow. Nor are the cold stone floors of public buildings very congenial in winter time to thin-shod and perhaps aged, gouty, or consumptive feet. It is a well-known fact that royal funerals, occurring at inclement periods of the year, are sure to carry off several senior members of the lay or episcopal aristocracy—like attendants whom certain pagans sacrifice on the tomb of their lord and master. *Sabots*, then, are true defensive armor. If Achilles had worn *sabots*, he might have lived to a good old age. Modern heroes and heroines are foolish in forgetting that they, too, are vulnerable in the feet, and may receive their death-wound from below, though in a different manner to the Grecian warrior. A few tea-spoonfuls of moisture, piercing through a thin sole, may prove as mortal as a poisoned arrow, or a cobra's fang. "Argal," *sabots* are sometimes sensible things, though unsuited for state occasions, either in Paris or London. But in a French town, name indefinite, the authorities, and some of the most respectable people of the place, go to church in wet weather, some in *sabots*, and some in pattens!

It is laughable to see men wearing pattens; but the fact remains, and they keep their feet dry in spite of our laughing. It has a droll effect to

see full-grown farmers stalking backwards and forwards at an elevation of three inches, or thereabouts, above their natural standard; the fashion, nevertheless, is followed publicly, and with a grave face. At this very moment, I hear a clanking in the street; it is M. Gosselin (in pattens), Doctor of Medicine and Accoucheur, who is passing our windows on his way to wish "good day" to his sister, Madame Dupont, the timber merchant. I walked this very morning through the pig-market; there, I saw a respectable assortment of the unclean animal, and among them, several brawny cultivators, raised aloft on patriarchal pattens. Had I dared to treat the *patins* disrespectfully, any one of their wearers could have tossed me into his canvas-covered *charrette*, among the choice little grunTERS therein, as a hint to be more discreet in future. Notwithstanding which, I cannot admire the pattens. *Patins* look effeminate, sabots do not.

And yet, the pattens themselves are neither dainty nor dandified; perhaps truth would urge that they really are not so effeminate as the slippers of the London fashionable. I am told that a long walk in pattens is violent exercise for certain muscles of the leg and thigh. They are strong and heavy pieces of machinery, supported on circles of iron seven inches in diameter, English measurement, and are fastened to the feet with buckle and strap, like skates. By the way, skates are not considered effeminate, and *patins*, in French, also mean skates, sometimes specified as *patins d'Holland*, or Dutch pattens. It is not easy to pronounce a philosophical condemnation of foreign customs, which involve no point of religion or morality by their breach or their observance. A man may wear pattens or not, according to his conscience, without deeply sinning in either case. Sabots may assume themselves to be disputably allowable.

Sabots are divided into two great classes. Firstly, the coarse or *gros* sabots, large clumsy things worn by the very poorest people and on the dirtiest occasions, by little children as well as by their parents; a pair costing about fourteen sous, or sevenpence. Secondly, the sabots of a superior quality, or *fins* sabots, more highly finished and of better materials; the price ranging from two francs, or twenty pence a pair, upwards, without reckoning what may be called the trimmings. The most usual material of both qualities is beech-wood; but, for the sake of lightness, the *gros* sabots are often made of willow, and of poplar. Fine sabots, for the ladies and children of well-to-do citizens, are often made of walnut-tree, of horn-beam, and of ash, as well as of beech. Whatever wood is used requires to be slightly seasoned, and is kept accordingly for a year after being felled. With *gros* sabots, the process of seasoning is often summarily concluded by smoking them, like hams and tongues and Yarmouth bloaters, after they are cut out from the parent block.

Though sabots are more comfortable things than those who have never tried them would believe, nobody can tell exactly where the shoe pinches but those that wear it. There are evident symptoms that the top of the instep is the place where the sabot causes the greatest uneasiness. The ploughman relieves the pressure by sticking a wisp of hay or straw between the wood and the upper part of his foot—as he "whistles o'er the lea"—the straggling tuft of dry grass, which thus adorns each sabot answering the ornamental purpose of

a buckle, a rosette, or shoe-strings of broad ribbon. With the same object, ladies' sabots are cut away, on the upper part, so considerably, that a leather strap, called the *bride*, passes over the instep and is nailed to the sole of the sabot, to prevent it from slipping off the foot at every step. The *bride* (pronounced like the English word, "breed"), is often stamped with handsome patterns, besides being padded and stuffed. Such sabots are called *sabots-souliers*, or shoe sabots; for gentlemen, something similar is prepared, and styled *sabots-bottes*, or boot sabots. Many are so highly wrought with carving and coloring, that it is difficult to distinguish them, by the sight alone, from boots, shoes, and gaiters of leather.

Sabotier, is a maker of sabots. All sabots are made by hand—none by machinery. The very large body of sabotiers in France consists of great people and little people; those who carry on an extensive business, which, branching from various forests in distant departments, is centralized in Paris; and those who merely keep up a snug little trade at home, just sufficient to employ themselves and families, or not having families, two or three journeymen. Almost all sabotiers, also, are dealers in firewood, which is, in fact, the waste and the trimmings of their raw material. They sometimes, likewise, go a little into the trade of *boisselier*, or maker of wooden utensils, and sell wooden shovels, and such like; but the instances are rare.

Every February, the head, or master-sabotiers, go to Paris, where each of them has, not customers, but employers, amongst the large dealers in sabots, who give their orders according to what they want—the style of sabot, and the nature of the material. Beech, birch, walnut, and now and then aspen wood, have each their turns of favor. The market-price is then fixed for the commercial year, which runs from March to March. The delivery of the manufactured article begins in May, and usually ends in the March of the following year; the reckoning is made in lots of twenty pairs.

The orders thus given, are executed in the principal forests of France, in very widely situated localities—the neighborhood of Valenciennes, in the North Department; of Fougères in Brittany; and of the Puy-de-Dôme in the Central Region. A "sabotier of the Limousin" is almost a proverbial expression. In these, as in other forests which are national property, there are government sales, by auction, of the wood, which is periodically cut when it has attained a certain size. The head sabotiers collect their workmen together in the forest itself, on the spots where they have made their purchases. An encampment is formed; the men ply their trade under the greenwood tree, instead of in close factories. In some cases, large temporary wooden buildings are run up; in others, huts and cabins of leaves and branches constitute the sylvan village. The men who are married, work in company with their wives and such of their children as are old enough to be of any use to them. The Saturday of every week is pay-day. We may fancy their amusements; truffle-hunting, if they are in beech woods, and have cunning dogs with them; netting and snaring game on the sly; dominoes, of course, and pitch-penny, and nine-pins; now and then a ball. A summer's engagement of this kind would be tempting to many a town journeyman.

As soon as that lot of wood is worked up, the

place is deserted, and fresh huts or barracks are erected, close to the next untouched mass of materials which is delivered into their hands. The villages adjacent to these encampments are mostly abandoned for the time; you may ask in vain for a lodging or for refreshment there, while in the forest itself there are plenty of inhabitants and good entertainment.

Every head sabotier employs, on an average, from fifty to sixty workmen. One Paris sabotier is said to employ, in the forests in the departments of Sarthe, Orne, Vosges, and Cantal, five-and-twenty head sabotiers, who, in their turn, are the means of employing a million peasants. He receives, on an annual average, sixty thousand pairs of sabots in their first stage (to be described) which he gets finished, carved, and blacked, at Paris. In Paris itself, none but fancy sabots are made, namely, the fine shoe-sabots which are trimmed with cloth and leather and other materials. The above number sounds high; but a provincial sabotier told me that one Paris house had from four to five hundred thousand pairs of sabots yearly passing through their hands; and, to be more precise in his information, he gave me the address of M. Hilarion Juigner, 35, Rue de Rambuteau, Paris, as another leading member of the trade.

Besides these lords of the sabot, with their gigantic undertakings, there are scattered all over France, though very irregularly, a large number of humbler sabotiers, who constantly stay and conduct their business at home, depending on their own neighborhood for a supply of wood, and employing only their own families (if their sons be old enough), or two or three workmen. Three is the usual number of artists required to finish a sabot, exclusive of the final blacking, and the preliminary sawing and felling. Each man is generally able to perform all the processes; but, besides the known advantages of a division of labor, it is found, practically, that the exertion of muscle in the first rough fashioning, in the scooping, and in the finishing off, is of so different a nature, that it takes a man a day or two to put himself into good training for the performance of any part of the trio, after having for some time "got his hand in" with another. A good workman at these quiet little workshops, which go on steadily all the year round, can earn his fifteen francs a week. In the forest, the men who perform the three principal processes earn two francs a day; the women and children are considered as apprentices, and paid half a franc a day.

Almost all the sabots made in France are sold for home consumption; still, they are exported, to a trifling amount, into Belgium, England, and Algeria. This exportation went on increasing up to 1844, but has since diminished.

The reader will now accompany me, I hope, into the workroom of one of these smaller and stationary tradesmen, and see a sabot made from beginning to end. If he choose afterwards to go alone, and bodily enter the studio of any similar village sculptor, he has only to present himself; utter his "Bonjour" with proper politeness; and the secrets of sabot-making will be unveiled to his contemplation.

The Fabricant who gives us the permission to pry, must stop at home in his shop, in the midst of his variety of wooden treasures; not that he is wanted there—Madame keeps guard, and attends to

the customers; but he looks very, very ill. I only hope he may see the green leaves burst forth on the sabot-trees, next spring. He wishes he could speak English; he would go to England, and try if a market for his goods could not be found there. I tell him it is not too late to learn, and that it will serve to amuse him while he is recovering his strength. He smiles and shakes his head.

He directs us to his factory in Blind Ass Street, or Rue de l'Ane Aveugle—the real name—which I give for the encouragement of such curious persons as take pleasure in tracking the steps of a journalist. As a further help to guess the riddle, it is equi-distant from the Bull's Foot Hotel and the Café of the coming out of the Tribunals. Turn down the first lane to the left in Blind Ass Street, and the first door to the left is our sabot factory. We knock and enter. After half-a-dozen words, and a smile of mutual amusement, the performance begins.

Here, as in the woods, three men constitute a complete sabot gang; only there is but one gang here, instead of twenty. They are making rather a superior article, and therefore the blocks lying about the room are all of walnut-wood. The bark is still on them, and they are sawn, across the trunk or the branch, into various lengths, in proportion to the diameter of the tree at the place of sawing. Trunks that are too thick can only be used wastefully; branches that are too thin are of no use at all. For, all the sabots which a clever workman can contrive to find in a tree, lie hid there in the position of running up and down the tree, or along the branches, and not across either it or them. Therefore, those portions of the trunk which will make adult sabots, are short cylinders about a French foot long; the children's and babies' cylinders from the arms of the tree, are cut into the lengths that may be required for juvenile sabots.

To begin with the beginning. The cylinder of wood, or thick slice out of a tree, is placed on one of its ends on the floor. With an iron wedge and a heavy wooden beetle it is riven in halves, from top to bottom, just as you might divide a Stilton cheese into two equal portions, by cutting it through, perpendicularly lengthwise, instead of horizontally across. Small cylinders from the arms of the tree will only make one pair of child's sabots, and are not riven again after the first splitting; the thickest parts of the trunk that are used, will make eight pairs of full-sized sabots, and are consequently so subdivided.

We have now before us a quantity of riven billet-wood, apparently just the thing for a country gentleman's dining-room. Smart John, the footman, in his powder and plush, would faint to be told to go and make himself a pair of shoes out of a couple of such billets as these. Our sabotier, however, innocent of hair-powder and plush nether garments, but rejoicing in a black moustache and a blue cotton jacket and trousers, takes the billets one by one in his left hand, and, with a small hatchet in his right, chops away at them recklessly on a butcher's block before him, knocks the bark off with the back of his hatchet, and so fashions them into things having more resemblance to wooden hot rolls for the breakfast table, than anything else I can compare them to. Chop, chop, chop away, with horrid carelessness. "Don't you sometimes cut your fingers off?" "No, monsieur, here are the whole ten of them; I have n't drawn

blood, for more than a twelve-month." On he goes, with unremitting strokes. You see, too, that the wooden rolls, as they pass through his hands, receive some unsuspected touches, by which the position of a future toe and heel are clearly indicated to the eye. When all the billets have been thus transformed, the *tailleur* or cutter, for such is his title, carefully inspects his lot of fancy bread, and puts together those which will pair well; at the same time deciding which shall be "rights" and which "lefts." As he goes on sorting them, he builds them into a pile, by laying one pair across another, like a plate of sugar biscuits in a confectioner's window.

These unlucky cubs of sabots have now to undergo another trimming. They bid adieu to the butcher's block, and pay a visit to a carpenter's bench. In front of the bench is a curious tool called a *paroir*, or parer, made of cast steel. It is something like a small scythe without the usual handle, but with a short wooden one instead; where the point of the scythe would be is a hook, which fits into a ring on the bench; and by means of the handle, and the support given to the tool, by the hook and ring, our artist contrives to peel and pare the breakfast roll (itself steadied against slight hollows and prominences on the bench), until it assumes by little and little the appearance of a shoemaker's last, cut off at the ankle. All this work is dexterously performed by shifting the sabot with the left hand, while the right plies the *paroir*. The *paroir* has been previously sharpened with a small triangular prism of still harder steel, called a *tire-point*.

During both the chopping and the paring, great attention is paid to the size of the future sabot. The workman makes frequent use of a pair of callipers and a foot-rule divided into quarter inches, which he keeps beside him. And he every now and then claps the sabot against its proposed fellow, to make sure that the process of paring is going on satisfactorily.

The ankleless shoemaker's lasts are now handed over to another sabotier, the *creuseur*, or scooper, who, by bringing a different set of muscles into play, has to find room in the solid last for a lady's or gentleman's foot to enter. He too, has a bench before him, and on it lie some half-dozen tools, like enormous gimlets; but, the end of the iron is variously shaped; some are like egg-spoons, others like children's apple-scoops, others must be seen to be believed. They are all called *cuillères*, or spoons; in French, a pump-borer is likewise called a *cuillère*. By means of a few bits of wood, like overgrown dominos, and a wedge or two, the sabot is firmly fixed upon the bench, in the position in which it would be on the ground; and with its heel towards the scooper, or as if it were running away from him—which it has good reason to do. For seizing one of his most ferocious scoops, he fires away at it and pitches into it, as if he had a spite against it, and meant to cut its very heart out—which indeed he does mean, and soon accomplishes. He then penetrates to the very tip of the toe-nail, sounding his depth with a bit of stick, and by means of his other frightful scoops and gouges, removes the whole inside of the sabot, leaving it as smooth and empty as the eggshells that remained on our table after breakfast. It is as smooth as the palm of your hand. The touch reveals another fact; the moisture of the sap is quite perceptible, although it is now a

twelve-month since the tree was felled. It is so damp, that if the old woman who lived in a shoe were to take lodgings in such a sabot as that, she would certainly catch her death of cold. But wood too dry would not scoop so well.

The sabot is now finished, as far as it can be at present. The tortured and imprisoned thing is liberated, to be followed by its fellow-victim. The young couple are then kept together, and united for life by means of a string passing through a hole in the inner side of each. Assemblies of happy pairs are hung together in bundles, to dry slowly in the air. Nothing more can be done for them for at least a month. The necessity of submitting to this drying time, explains why it is so convenient to the manufacturer to half finish his article in the forest, and to perfect it in the capital.

When sufficiently hardened by time, it falls to the disposal of the finisher. Of course our sabotier has plenty of ready-dried subjects to go on with. He may either simply smooth its rough places, and send it forth to the blacker, an unpretending, comfortable sabot, or he may carve it with the semblance of embroidery and buttons; or he may imitate the soles and the wrinkles of a leathern pump, and destine his sabot to be decorated hereafter with Siberian fur and Genoa velvet. Besides his own little scraper and polisher, the tools of the carver and engraver are at his elbow; and it sometimes pleases him to prepare at his leisure hours the sabot of luxury as a token of love or friendship, or perhaps merely to beguile wandering amateurs, like ourselves, of the francs and sous that ought to be laid out upon shoe-leather and caoutchouc.

Let a more unpretending specimen of art be mine. With permission, I will pocket this half-finished, damp, but lady-like sabot. It shall stand in the centre of my writing-table, and suggest dreams of the charming but unknown Cinderella, whose well-proportioned foot would exactly fit it. Nor need it be a useless toy; our friends here give the hint. A *gros sabot* serves them as a salt-box; mine shall perform the office of a pen-tray. Pleasant thoughts, in proper phrase, must flow next morning, from the quill which has reposed all night in that virgin receptacle. I salute you, trio of industrious and obliging sabotiers, and thank you much for your well-meant promise, that if I pay another visit to Blind Ass Street, with Cinderella's sabot in my pocket, you will finish it off for me in first-rate style, gratuitously!

Homes of American Authors; comprising Anecdotal, Personal, and Descriptive Sketches, by various Writers. Illustrated with Views of their Residences from Original Drawings, and a Fac-simile of the Manuscript of each Author.

A goodly volume, containing views of the "homes" of seventeen American authors, which, unless they have been flattered by the artist, show that, however literature may be rewarded in the New World, literary men are better lodged than in the Old. The pictures of the "homes" and their landscapes are accompanied by letter-press, which mingles biography, friendly criticism, and a sketch of the place and the author, as the sketcher saw one or both—not always done in the best manner, the liveliness degenerating into sippancy and wordiness. The volume is rather for a table-book than the book-shelf, and so may take the place of the old Annuals.—*Spectator*.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

A YOUNG GIRL'S STORY.

I.—THE DOWNWARD PROGRESS OF FORTUNE.

I HAVE often during my lifetime heard people talk about the adventures they had met with. For my part, I never seem to have had but one, so monotonous, drear, and joyless was my early existence; but *that one* seems like something so great and important, that now I date all my thoughts from it, and never cease thinking of it. Wherever I go—whatever I am doing, seven days of my life will come and number themselves before me, one by one, so perfectly and distinctly, with every incident so clear, as though by their radiance they wished to shorten the dark background of my childhood.

But no one would understand why these particular seven days were so glorious, unless they know a little about who I am, and feel from what they delivered me—unless they can imagine a black sky with one waving stream of golden light quivering across it—a summer breath in the frozen regions—a long night of pain with joy in the morning—or a life of toil, privation, and hardships, with a sudden cessation and passage to happiness and ease.

My parents were very respectable, and had been more so than even when I recollect them, for my father was formerly a captain in the army, but becoming in some way involved, was compelled to sell his commission to pay his debts. The consequence of this was the taking of a very small and dingy house in Westminster, somewhere near the river; in a narrow, dark street, where very few carriages or carts ever passed except those with green-grocery, and trucks pushed along by men, crying onions, or apples, or fish for sale. My sister and myself used to amuse ourselves watching for these carts, seeing the people pop in and out of the houses, calling after the men, and running with their plates, or aprons, or baskets, to buy what they wanted. We had a garden—such a garden as such houses have in London—a little oblong square of earth enclosed in brick walls, overlooked by the back windows of other houses all round, and steam and smoke seemed to be always pouring out of their washhouses, so that the very mould of the garden looked dingy; the walls were dirty, dilapidated, adorned with a few pots or pans turned up to drain, while here and there a few miserable cats were perched, snoozing away in a melancholy, musing condition, as if ruminating upon the state of their affairs. I think there was one lilac tree with a few leaves at the top, stunted and smoky; a little broken row of box round what we designated a border; one or two blackened shrubs sprang up here and there, but I really do not know what they were.

I knew—for we children felt it—that we were very poor, for there had been a time when to ask was to have; now our little wants were one by one silently restricted, our food deteriorated in quality, little changes day by day were perceivable in our meals, and struggles seemed to be necessary to supply us with sufficient to eat. My father grew more and more gloomy, but my mother smiled oftener in his presence in proportion as he grew melancholy; and I, in my childish ignorance of the nobleness of soul that urged her to conceal the sinking heart within, used to wonder how she could look so cheerful when he was sad.

There was one thing about which my sister and

myself used to hold long consultations on the back-door-step, and that was, the reason why so many strangers came to our house, went up-stairs into the rooms, and then walked out again; why this seemed to please poor mamma at the same time that her face flushed to scarlet as she took them up. Again it puzzled us to understand why, when there were chambers empty upstairs, we ourselves did not inhabit them, instead of living cramped in the lower rooms; we that remembered—at least I did—spacious apartments, and had dim visions of brightness and beauty floating like dreams in our mind. These mysteries we could not unravel—life was closing darkly round us.

The eyes of children are sometimes quicker than is generally supposed, and especially when their perception is sharpened by precocious thoughts, by wonderings come too soon, revelations of life, hardships, too early made, by the consciousness of desires cramped, and wishes daily unfulfilled. My mother was in delicate health, and I saw, day by day, that she grew weaker—her tall, graceful figure trembling like a reed shaken by the wind after some unaccustomed exertion. Yet nothing seemed to daunt her spirit. Every necessity of our wretched existence was performed by her; her fair hands, trained to bring forth harmony, were now employed in the most menial offices; and yet all was done with such an air of grace and elegance, and so cheerful a look, and with a low singing, glancing brightly at my father every now and then, as if she wished him to perceive how little she cared for all she had to endure, and the extent of all she suffered. How much was that suffering, how great her privations, I knew only in after years. Then, supplied with necessities, ignorant of our position, we only knew that all signs of elegance or comfort fled from around us by slow degrees—my father's watch, our few silver spoons—and by degrees we became accustomed to cold, occasional hunger, and perpetual gloom.

There was one day a revelation by accident made which startled my young mind to a sort of conviction of our poverty. I, going rather abruptly into the room where we customarily sat, found my father kneeling at my mother's side, and gazing wistfully into her face almost disfigured by weeping; to her heart she pressed a miniature.

"Not that, not that, my dearest Henry; I will labor for and with you, oh, so cheerfully; but, to raise money on that—to lose it forever as all else—your first gift, worn all these years—oh, my husband, spare me that!"

"My own wife," said my father, in a broken voice, "it is for our children; yet a little while, and all shall be well. This first remembrance of our affections shall be returned to you—I protest it shall be."

"Forgive me; I have given way to momentary despair. I have forgotten I was a mother; take it; it seems a part of my life. Henry, do as you will."

She placed the picture in father's hand. Rising, he pressed her convulsively to his heart, and I slid away, awed and sorrow-stricken at the scene—to me so strange—that my young eyes had witnessed. For once I resolved not to take Tiny into my confidence, but I am afraid the importance the possession of such intelligence from the sitting-room would give me in her eyes overcame me, for not long after I called my sister into a corner of the garden and revealed the sad story, ending by pressing my arm round her neck and mingling my

tears with hers; and then with the large thoughts of childhood we planned how, if a fairy would come and grant us the wish of our hearts, we would surround papa and mamma with luxuries and heaps of gold; we would have a house where the four upstairs rooms should not be kept for the inspection of strangers, and where something besides pewter spoons and salt butter should be provided for breakfast.

But a brief pause in our misfortunes was coming previous to the great crisis, like the hilarity and joy that precede in some the approach of death. There were many impatient knocks at the door for a day or two. Mamma was oftener upstairs, seemed less sad, and I remember indulged us with sitting up to supper the night that a number of people came tumbling in with furniture and packages to take possession of the rooms. We sat on our father's knee that night; he sang us snatches of old songs; but he has since told me the dear and familiar words seemed to choke him as, in his internal agony of spirit at all we suffered, he strove to wear the mask of joy. Then my mother sang him an ancient melody—her voice quivering as she did so, and her eyes turning with a gaze of angel-light to heaven, as if she knew she was journeying to the land of which the simple words spoke.

There are little memories that come over me in my retrospective glance at life, making me know and feel that we were very poor, that we suffered; and the more acutely that visions of another time came in the night, as repetitions of realities that had gone before, then I would talk to Tiny, and try and make her recall what was strongly impressed upon my own mind—that we once lived in a large house, carpeted over—that we had servants, and that mamma sung and played, and dressed in beautiful silks; these recollections would come, I say, by night, and dwell so vividly upon my brain, that it has almost angered me to wake in the morning and gazing around to see the blistered paint on the folding doors of our little room; the dark paper stained and desecrated by former inhabitants, the smoke-blackened ceiling, the shabby furniture; to hear the sounds of labor going, and to know that it was my mother that, up before the dawn sometimes, was doing everything that was necessary before the neighbors or the lodgers were about.

Well, after the lodgers came we seemed to get gradually better off. My father appeared to have pursued some kind of employment, for he often went out and returned with money, which he placed smilingly in my mother's hand; and by-and-by, the miniature and the watch reappeared over the mantel-piece. About this time my mother began to be very busy at needlework, and would give me frills to hem, and then these were put to such tiny caps, I wondered whether any human being had a head small enough to wear them, or whether she was making clothes for some great doll, and a dim perspective of a waxen face with blue eyes and flowing ringlets floated before my pleased imagination. Every little thing, however, was carefully put into a drawer, and there were so many changes made up, that I thought the work would never be ended; and it seemed so droll to see my father take up a little cap and place it on the top of his finger, and smile almost as pleasantly as if he saw a face peeping out of it; and then to hear my mother's laugh, with its happy ring that seemed to sound up to the ceiling,

and echo itself as if to prolong its own existence.

By-and-by, the little work was put away, but not forgotten, for I very often saw my mother open the drawer where it was kept and look at it—at times, joyfully, then with a sad and troubled look, as if some sorrow were connected with it that shadowed itself forth in her heart. She would lean her elbows on the edge of that precious receptacle for the raiment of one unseen though already loved, and bowing her head upon them, would remain gazing upon its contents with alternate shades of hope and joy, and dim, vague, dreamy looks of regret. But when my father was near she tried to bear up and keep in good spirits.

The time that follows is one of darkness, with patches of light only discernible here and there. It seems as if the beautiful being I had hitherto called mother disappeared in reality from around us, while in its stead a shadow seems in my memory's vista to glide past softly and slowly from spot to spot, save once, when waking from a childhood's dream of a life, the loveliness of which had fled, I find my head pillowed upon a bosom that I never rested on again—at least, it seems not—for although the next great event may have occurred a month or weeks after, it seems to me that it flashed upon my soul that night—that no space intervened—but it was so. I know that my father was ever near to assist the beloved wife that was drifting invisibly from him into a world where, like a spirit, shadowless and lovely, she would be hidden from him.

But the day and the hour came. It must be past midnight when through the film of my first slumber a cry of agony pierces, which bewilders my young heart, and I start up, looking wildly round to find that, although my sister slumbers beside me, I am in a strange room, where a dim light is burning. There is no sound repeated for a while, then hurried treads are heard, and I, trembling and awed at the terrible sound that broke upon my dreams, weep bitterly. I cry aloud; none heed me. I rise from my bed and rush down the stairs, but at the bottom I am met by our first-floor lodger, who soothingly manages to coax me to bed, telling me to be very quiet, for my mamma was poorly, and that I had a new sister I should see in the morning. Why did she not utter the dread truth?—why not tell me that cry was my father's? I again am covered up in my new bed, and weeping and sorrowing, I must have fallen asleep. When I wake the gray dawn is around me, the light is in its socket; the strange room puzzles me at first, but like newly-departed charms, the events of the night come upon me. I know that I crept out of bed, and once more found my way down stairs. There was a deep hush—a mighty silence—which nothing but the void of life brings, and which nothing else resembles; there was no word, no movement, no tread of human foot—all was quiet as the grave, and the stillness made my heart tremble. I approached the door I had not dared to enter the night before, and, turning the handle softly, peeped cautiously in. At first I thought there was no one in the room, it was so quiet; the fire was gone, and a few dark cinders gave out a low, crushing sound, as they broke and crumbled in the grate. A sigh—a fainter echo of that cry I had heard—came from near the bed, and stealing in I saw that on it lay something shrouded in white, and there, kneeling by the bedside, was my father, perfectly

unconscious of all outward movement or sound. In that awful presence did my young spirit stand, that so fearful a dread stole over me!—something in the unearthly silence whispered it was that before whom I never yet had stood; and bewildered by the stagnation—the mystery, I rushed to my father to find a shelter on his bosom. He clasped me convulsively in his arms, and on my asking for mamma, shuddered with emotion at the thought of the inexplicable answer he should have to give me. For a moment or two he did not speak; then softly raising the corner of the sheet, showed me what seemed the sleeping features of my mother. I felt no fear; but looking on it, whisperingly asked if she was ill.

"She sleeps!" said my father, with unutterable anguish in his tone.

II.—THE SHADOWS OF LIFE.

It is not for me to dwell upon the sorrow that had stolen away the last joy of our household. It was long ere the traces of my mother wore away from around us; but one by one they all departed as time swept on, heedless of our grief.

Day by day some tokens burst upon us—some work half-ended, a dress she had lately worn, a book she had read, a few trinkets; all were by degrees gathered together, and conveyed to the sacred keeping of my father, who henceforward had lost for us the character of playfulness he had once possessed.

I suppose it was the responsibility of my position that gave me the steady, thoughtful character for which I became remarkable. I was only thirteen when I lost my poor mother, and after the first days of wonder, and restless thoughts, and weepings, were over, a hundred ideas seemed to dawn at once upon my mind, and the necessity for action and rousing myself developed itself in my heart. I imitated her who had quitted us in all her ways—strove to make our rooms look cheerful—talked to my father. He smiled at efforts which at first he almost rejected, but by degrees became accustomed to my attentions, and ceased to repel them. We removed to smaller lodgings, and time passing restored something of his old cheerfulness.

But the trials of the years that followed dwell upon my memory like pictures that never can or will pass away—so painful, so clear, is the backward panorama.

A nervous excitement thrilled my frame for days, as I was planning and scheming what was to be done. One night, after I had provided a scanty meal for my father and sister, I slipped out of our street-door, determined to find some employment ere I returned to that desolate home. What could I do! I had heard that a wretched and precarious living might be earned by needle-work—that I could do well; but how to set about procuring it I knew not. I only felt that there was a wretched home behind, and the brilliant night-world of the town before. I entered in my ignorance shop after shop, where the great gas-lamps threw a lurid glare upon sumptuous apparel around, and upon my emaciated figure, clothed in scanty, wretched garments. Almost in a whisper, shrinking close to the counter, I ask if they will give me work! Some bid me begone! Some even threaten me with the police! Some smile—others shake their heads;—all stare at me as if I were something despicable! I wan-

dered about until people began to put up their shutters, when, with a sudden energy, almost of despair, I went into a draper's of a middling description, where all kinds of wearing apparel appeared to be sold ready-made, and again I stood asking for work! A man in the shop, scarcely glancing at me as he spoke, was about to dismiss me as usual, when, as it seemed, abruptly changing his mind, he called out, "Annie," and in reply to his summons, there appeared a fair and delicate-looking young woman, whose open frankness of countenance seemed to reveal a noble English heart. Then I knew not what I felt. I only gazed at her with a sort of speechless supplication that was not natural to a child. She asked me what I wanted, in a soft voice that was so different from all the greetings I had had before, that I could not refrain from bursting into tears. She waited a few moments, then repeated her question. I told her what I could do. There was a little pause, which she employed in whispering to her husband, who, shrugging his shoulder, bade her do as she liked.

She beckoned me to follow her into the back shop, where she asked me a great many questions about reference, character, and all that, which it would have puzzled me to answer briefly; so, with a gush of confidence, with all my little history fresh upon my mind, I could not refrain from telling her our story. "Poor child!" she said, compassionately; "I think I may trust you."

Since, when I have thought of all this, while I have folded the memory of Annie to my heart as something sacred to my recollection, I have wondered how I was enabled to arouse my courage to the necessity of the hour; or how she trusted me. Since, I have learned of her that it was the strange beauty which, as a child I possessed, and the earnest sincerity with which I appealed to Heaven as a witness of my truth. Be this as it may, however, I know that I flew rather than ran towards home; that, when near, I paused to make one or two little purchases, and then rushed to our own door where my father was standing anxiously on the look-out, not knowing whither to go in search of me. I laughed, and rushed into our little sitting-room, where, depositing my burden on the table, I fell exhausted into my father's arms. When I recovered I found a cheerful fire, and our little board spread with a more plentiful meal than we had partaken of for some time.

My adventure was soon told; my father clasped me again and again to his bosom, sobbing over me, half in joy, half in surprise. How often, I remember, during that meal did he look at me in wonder, and poor Tiny smile on me in a sort of grateful admiration. I set to work that very night, was up with the dawn, my father and Tiny setting the place in order that I might be undisturbed; so that about eight o'clock in the evening we set out to carry home the needle-work. I saw a look of surprise mingled with slight annoyance on the countenance of Annie's husband, while she, with a smile, received my parcel, examined it, paid me for it, and gave me more to do. As time passed, I ceased to speak as if she were a stranger; and after a while she told me that she herself had been born a lady, and had eloped from school with her present husband, between whom and herself the most undisturbed happiness existed, although I could see he was of a prouder nature. Her parents, she said, were not rich,

but respectable and comfortably off, and had long since forgiven her imprudent marriage.

There was a temporary joy in these daily walks with my father, in providing ourselves with the necessities of our existence out of my little earnings; in carrying home little treats for Tiny—an orange, or now and then a small bunch of grapes; and we progressed from day to day—toiling, yet loving, suffering at times together and then forgetting it in a momentary joy. Yet this could not last. Annie felt almost inclined to refuse me work, since she saw better than any one how my figure, now grown tall and thin, was wasting, and my health suffering from long sedentary occupations—sitting up at night—want of sleep. I felt a weariness and lassitude creeping over me, so that when seated by the fire of her who had befriended me in my distress, away from those I loved, I gave way at times to unavailing tears and forebodings. Annie knew better than any one how to advise, and no one that had once looked on her open, frank countenance would have wondered how or why I loved and trusted her.

My father at last procured a little employment, though not sufficient to prevent the necessity for my labor, by teaching drawing in a school, and hoped for increase monthly in his means. But the weary struggle ceased not; if fortune smiled one day, a loss was sure to follow. Thus we went on, and years frittered away in these two dark rooms, and life seemed each day becoming more valueless, for the youth of existence was passing swiftly away—cares were upon our heads. Neither the sunshine of heaven nor of the world availed us; the universe of thought, of passion, pleasure, smiles, joys, seemed to pass by us, and toil, privation, suffering, tears, were our portion; and years dropped away and I found myself one morning pausing in my work to think that I was nineteen,—that for five years I had almost sat in one corner of the room—that my hand had incessantly labored—that my eyes had seen nothing but that at which I worked—that scarcely a ray of sunshine ever fell, even in mockery, into our room—that laughter and jests and such things were not for us—that my sister with her wan, pale face, and my deathlike countenance, were but spectres of the youth we called our own—that into our hearts no wishes, hopes, or impulse ever dawned, save how to provide for to-morrow the food that perisheth; yet there were a few hours of rest—stolen hours of what we called idleness, when the exhausted frame refused its office—when the hand trembled—when the eye grew dim, and the head dizzy; then we would relax our toils and ill-paid labor, and gathering round our hard-earned fire, resting our heads on one another's shoulder or on our father's knee, would whisper shadowy hopes, with low, hushed voices, that seemed already to belong to another world. In my heart at times there was a whisper which said an end must come—that joy would replace our sorrows—and this supported me.

III.—THE HEART'S FIRST SUNSHINE.

One night that I had carried home some needle-work, Annie, perceiving that I was still ill and sinking, begged me to sit with her an hour, which accordingly I did, and we conversed of many things. By degrees we veered round to her own home, whither she was shortly going to pay a long-promised visit, and rather abruptly asked me whether I should not like to accompany her.

I knew as well as she could tell me how much good it would do me, for I felt myself sinking; but when she proposed change, cessation from labor, open air, going to the country, the moral injustice of my position seemed to strike me, and while I shook my head at the impossibility of accomplishing a thing of which I had never dreamt, reflected how beautiful a thing it would be to flee in this lovely weather away from the black and murky street where I had pined away so many years of my existence. But how—when could I go? “No,” I said, with a smile, “I cannot go.”

“Will you not go with me?” she said, in her most winning manner; “you will love them all at home.”

“But how can I afford it?”

“Oh, never mind! only get your things together, and we will arrange all the rest.”

I went home, told what I deemed an impossible proposal; but my father thought it one most feasible, and was overjoyed at what he thought would restore me to health. His quarter's salary was due, and that he protested I should have. My wardrobe was certainly the most important consideration, although I was only to remain one week. Tiny and myself lay awake all that night consulting and thinking how it all could be arranged. I should have only a few days to prepare, and it was with a sort of despair that on the following morning I surveyed the contents of our little chest. There seemed to be nothing available, and we could almost have wept at the loss of such a promised joy through such an obstacle. My father, however, kissing us both smilingly, left the house to give his lesson, leaving us in a state of growing perplexity and doubt. Years had fled, and we had dreamt of no superfluous adornments; no holiday dresses—no gay bonnets lurked among our treasures. Needlewomen, even if they be the daughters of former officers in the army, must learn to be content with what will shield them, and leave the decoration of their forms to other hands. In the evening came my father with a couple of parcels, which he undid with pride, and a thrill of delight strange to his sorrow-worn heart. There were two such sweet but simple dresses, a bonnet of so calm and lady-like an appearance, that I doubted if it were I that was to wear it; and after this he placed several sovereigns in my hand, bidding me do as I pleased with them. My poor father saw no further than the day, but I remembered in my purchases a future time of struggle; and although dear Tiny urged upon me the necessity of everything she beheld at all pretty or becoming, I smilingly, however, rejected them, conscious that another hour would come when we should feel the want of it ourselves.

That early breakfast, the strange, bewildering sensation of first leaving home, I cannot forget; nor Tiny's anxious care lest ought should be forgotten; nor my father's walking at my side, carrying my little box; the faint sickness consequent upon my sleepless night; the parting from that sweet, patient sister and father; the soothing kindness of Annie's manner when I met her—the care with which she wrapped me in her soft woollen shawl to protect me from the cold; nor her smiles and words of encouragement. They come—these glimpses of another time—flashing over my heart, illumining it with brightness.

When once I entered the train, I felt in a state of delirium; the cool sweet air came pouring in upon my feverish brow so refreshingly that I

seemed as if I could inhale it all; the pale bright green of the fields dazzled my sight; the budding trees seemed unreal; the clear blue, the broad cloudless expanse, excited in me wild and strange emotions. The world seemed to be unrolling its beauty to me for the first time. I loved every blade of grass—every herb that swam past me in our rapid progress. Yet every now and then the thought that I was going, for the first time, amongst forms and faces new and strange! In vain Annie strove to reason with me upon my shyness; it was not until we stopped at C—, and I beheld her alternately clasped in the arms of father, brother, and sister, with warm and happy welcomes showering around her, bright looks dropping like rays of sunshine from large loving eyes, and I had received an earnest shake of the hand from all, that my fear stole off.

I never knew how many crowded about us in that hour; I only know that ere long I found myself seated at Annie's side, with her father and one of her sisters opposite, whose face was so kind and gentle, so fair and yet so expressive, that it asked and gave confidence at once. Oh, the cottage where we stopped! What a perfect nosegay it seemed to me, with its early spring flowers and twining creepers! What snowy curtains! What fresh, pure air! What peace, what happiness wreathed its halo, I fancied, round that home, in whose porch stood Annie's mother, with the same friendly smile as if nothing had chased it from her lips since her childhood.

The rooms seemed so large; there were so many people with nothing to do, it seemed, but to be happy; the servants wore so bright an air; there was such neatness around; so many joyous laughs, and inquiries of Annie about her affairs; so much to say, that it overcame me, combined as this excitement was with my past exertions. When alone with Annie a few moments up stairs I fainted away. When I recovered I found myself in a soft bed, in a carpeted room, while curtains fluttered overhead, and hushed voices sounded not far off. The dreamlike repose of that position was so grateful that I had hardly courage to open my eyes; but when I did so, Annie was there bending her loving look over me!

"You cannot make your appearance to-day," she said, "and that is a great pity, for all my brothers are wanting to fall in love with you. But you shall not show yourself with these pale cheeks; there you will remain the whole of this day, after you have had a proper breakfast."

Annie's three sisters stood near—Ellen, Mary, and Bessy—all waiting to make further acquaintance with their new guest, but contenting themselves only with smiling in obedience to Annie's commands that I should not be talked to death. They, in their kind flattery, spoke to her of my beauty when I closed my eyes, of my magnificent hair and full dark eyes; but these had given me no concern—they had been overlooked in my toil and sorrow. I had my rest; and what a sweet rest it was—quiet, soft, and balmy—until when I awoke the sunbeams were falling into the room, and birds were singing, and the sky was clear and blue, and a chilly feeling told me it was early morning. And there was Annie, sleeping so peacefully; and I, refreshed and joyful, could have flown with enthusiastic rapture, my heart was so full, and my body seemed to have recovered its natural strength. Yet when I braided my black hair I saw that my cheek was ashy pale, that my large eyes were

sunken, and my lips white. For the first time I felt concern that it was so. Life had dawned with a strange new pleasure upon me.

I was now introduced in reality to the whole family. There were four brothers and three sisters, besides Annie—two older and two much younger—and so quiet and easy were all their manners that it was impossible to feel constrained long in their presence. They seemed bound up in each other, living for one another, and all blending their energies to one point—the good of the whole. There was such perfect confidence between them all that even the most trivial matters concerning one another interested them. The secret of their happiness was union; and no shade of evil feeling ever crossed their peaceful course. What wonder, then, that I grew to look upon them all with the most affectionate feelings—especially upon Ellen, who had volunteered to be my companion on all occasions when the domestic occupations of the house prevented us from being together. Walter was the eldest of the family; and I know not why, but the quiet seriousness of his manner won my confidence at once. His conversation was so gentle, there was so little of assumption about him—so kind a tone in his voice, that insensibly I found myself talking with him—had courage to raise my eyes to his, and found pleasure in his smile, and the earnest glance he frequently rested on my countenance. I never inquired if any of those who surrounded me were handsome—they seemed lovely to me from their kindness—from the gray-haired old father to the romping pet of the family, curly-haired Willy. I never thought, either, whether Walter was handsome or not; it was sufficient that the expression of his dark eye was kind—that he made me forget my past life—that the present must end in a few brief days—that I must resign the liberty, the repose, the beauty, of this too happy existence, and return forcibly to toil and probation. Here there was a music in the world to me before unknown; there were so many sweet sounds floating about, so many new pleasures dawned upon me; there were so many walks to be taken, so many lanes to be explored. I never wearied of watching the budding leaf, the green grass, the flowers of spring, the tangled copse, the bubbling rivulet, of listening to the cry of birds, the sound of happy voices. It seemed so sweet to wake in the morning to the sunshine, to rest until a proper hour, to take our meals calmly, quietly to hear pleasant converse, and above all to see those dark eyes turn towards me with a smile and a pleasant look.

But often as I sat before that hospitable board, and shared the luxuries it afforded, a thought of those I had left behind came with a sickening pang across my soul; and a low, dark room, ill-ventilated, ill-lighted, poverty staring from its walls, dingy ceilings stained and smoked, a scanty meal, and two that, in their love, were perhaps sounding my name with a smile on their wan lips, rose like a vision, instead of the open, cheerful, well-furnished apartment, with its well-covered table! How often have I not wished to transport with a touch some of the luxuries I shared. This consciousness was the sole drawback to my enjoyment.

We passed our time simply enough. In the morning, chatting cheerfully, we girls worked while one read aloud, the gentlemen being engaged in various occupations. In the afternoon we lingered long over our dessert, and there was mirth and pleasantries alternating with light employments un-

til tea; then we all strolled forth into the meadow, and gradually we dropped into twos and twos; and somehow, as if by some tacit understanding amongst them, because he wished it, Walter was always my companion, talking as he only could talk, in his low, cheerful, musical voice, until life's existence became a delight, and my dreams so pleasant that they were more beautiful than my new life itself.

And then one day and another dropped away, until I began to regard every moment as too precious to be lost, and saw them growing fewer before me, and heard my departure spoken of. Then I felt indeed the priceless happiness of a home, with ease, peace, and union, and yearnings for the first time dimly shaped themselves in my heart, and my soul shrunk from the darkened spot whither it must return as to a prison. These thoughts filled me with sadness; although it was not for myself I hoped it; no, it was for those dear ones whom I regarded as a sacred charge deposited in my keeping.

Just as I had learned to love them all, the eve of my departure drew on, and all day a sinking of the spirit told me how sweet the taste of the cup had been. But when I asked myself whom most I regretted leaving, the answer brought Walter to me, although it was only a grateful remembrance of his many kindnesses that agitated me. He, too, was sad; and it pleased me that he was so; but I cannot tell why I trembled when, leading me apart from the rest in our last walk, and detaining me to speak of the beauties that surrounded us, he told me often of himself—what were his prospects—his plans—his hopes! What were they to me! Oh, they were something; or wherefore did my heart beat as his words flowed on until they centred

in a trembling, half-uttered avowal of love, as if he dared not tell the full passion that was thrilling in his heart! I had a story to tell, I thought; but he stopped me, saying that if I would but be his wife, our home should be their home, if we would only accompany him to the new land of promise and of hope, whither he had resolved to bend his steps. The sequel of my story tells my answer. I only know that that night when I knelt in prayer I asked—Oh, Almighty Father, whence this joy—this flood of happiness! It was too much to believe; nor dared I yet!

I need not linger upon the circumstances that followed—upon the assurances and testimonies of affection I received from Walter's family—upon my narrative at home—upon Tiny's wonder and joy—upon my father's thankfulness to the Providence that had delivered us; suffice it that the day of trial was indeed ended—the darkness of our old home melted into light in the promise held out by the new. Seven days to perform for us such wonders, well might I remember them and cherish them!

Preparations—marriage—adieu, all past, and in comfort and ease we quitted the white cliffs of England, never, perhaps, to seek its shores again. All was over; and now, when long years have fled, and I see the white smoke curling up to heaven from a home indeed our own, and hear the prattle of children at my knee, my sister Tiny a young and blooming mother, and the happy countenances of my father and husband, I smile at the trials and hardships of the old times; my eyes dimming only when I think of the crowded churchyard where she and her blossoms sleep that we loved so dearly in life. God watched over me, and in due time delivered me from early pain and sorrow

GETTING MARRIED.—During the last summer a little incident transpired in one of the eastern towns, which afforded some amusement to the spectators at the time, and furnished food for a considerable gossip thereafter. It occurred in church, on one of those quiet Sunday afternoons, when all the world seems just ready to drop asleep; when the flies buzz lazily on the window panes, and the dog lies quietly on the door-stone.

The afternoon service had ended, and the congregation were arranging themselves for the benediction, when, to the great astonishment and manifest interest of the worshippers, the good parson descended from the pulpit to the desk below, and said in a calm, clear voice, "Those wishing to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony will now please to come forward." A deep stillness instantly fell over the congregation, broken only by the rustling of silk as some pretty little girl or excited matron changed her position, to catch the first view of the couple to be married. No one, however, arose, or seemed in the least inclined to arise. Whereupon, the worthy clergyman, deeming his first notice unheard or misunderstood, repeated the invitation.

"Let those wishing to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony now come forward."

Still no one stirred. The silence became almost audible, and a painful sense of the awkwardness of the position was gradually spreading among those present, when a young gentleman, who had occupied a vacant slip in the broad aisle during the service, slowly arose, and deliberately walked to the foot of the altar. He was good-looking and well-dressed, but no one present knew him, and no female accompanied his travels. When arrived within a respectable distance of the clergyman, he paused, and with

a reverent bow stepped to one side of the aisle, but neither said anything or seemed at all disconcerted at the idea of being married *alone*. The clergyman looking anxiously around for the bride—who he supposed was yet to arrive—at length remarked to the young gentleman, in an undertone, "The lady, sir, is dilatory!"—"Very, sir."—"Had we not better defer the ceremony?"—"I think not. Do you not suppose she will be here soon?"—"Me, sir," said the astonished shepherd, "how should I know of your lady's movements? That is a matter belonging to yourself."

A very few moments more were suffered to elapse in this unpleasant state of expectancy, when the clergyman renewed his interrogatories.

"Did the lady promise to attend at the present hour, sir?"—"What lady?"—"Why, the lady, to be sure, that you are waiting here for."—"I did not hear her say anything about it," was the satisfactory response.—"Then, sir, may I ask why you are here, and for what purpose you thus trifle in the sanctuary of the Most High?"—said the somewhat enraged clerical.—"I came, sir, simply because you invited all those wishing to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony to step forward, and I happened to entertain such a wish! I am very sorry to have misunderstood you, sir, and wish you a very good day."

The benediction was uttered with a solemnity of tone very little in accordance with the twitching of the facial nerves; and when, after the church was closed, the story got wind among the congregation, more than one little girl regretted that her wishes had not been as boldly expressed as the young gentleman's, who had really wished to be "united in the holy bonds of matrimony."—*N. O. Picayune.*

From Household Words.

TIT FOR TAT.

EVERY man, I suppose, who has lived in the world for thirty or forty years, has a little private picture-gallery in his head, consisting of landscapes, portraits, and perhaps a few history pieces. He can shut his eyes, and, with a mental catalogue in hand, can make the whole series pass before him, in all the vividness and variety of dioramic effect. It is very like amusing one's self, though at a cheaper rate, with those magnificent folios and artistic gleanings of travel, which are sometimes to be seen in the drawing-rooms of the wealthy. Now, one of the landscapes in my own mind's eye collection, is the scene of an illustration of the real nature of Custom House dues.

A white, perpendicular, chalk and limestone cliff, four hundred feet high, has its summit covered with short green turf. I am walking upon the turf along the upper edge of that cliff, with the English Channel on my left, but with the shores of England sunk far below my horizon. After I have proceeded a few score paces, the ground slopes suddenly towards the sea, and, at the bottom of the hollow, at the very edge of the precipice, is a coast-guard's hut. I descend to the hut, thinking there to reach the end of all things; but the narrow little path, which leads me thither, makes a sharp turn, and dips between the sides of an enormous chink in the cliff. I follow it; down it leads me step by step—down, like the ruined staircase of some primeval steeple; and, instead of wall-flowers in the broken masonry, here we have wild cabbage, thrift, and samphire, luxuriating overhead, below, and on that ungainly peak in mid-air, where no creature but a bird could contrive to gather them. Down, and still down I go, for four hundred feet. The path does not wind; it writhes and wriggles, and plunges so suddenly, that it threatens to play the mole and imitate a Derbyshire lead mine, as soon as it arrives at level ground. But at last, with a gentler inclination, it deposits me upon the rocky shore, and tells me I may now lounge and stare about me, without fear of breaking my neck.

The place is a tiny bay, formed by a vast hollow in the cliff, which answers to the slope above. On the left is a natural archway in the rock, through which the waves are tumbling boisterously, like children breaking out of school. In the extreme distance, an alabaster cliff, surmounted by a tall loaf-sugar light-house, is stretching into the azure sea. But the spot itself on which I stand lies sheltered, snug, and hidden apparently from every mortal eye, beneath the overhanging ramparts of limestone.

I am not, however, the only living mortal there; at some distance stands a white-haired fisherman, in a scarlet nightcap, mending some bow-nets; nearer, a couple of naked-footed boys, with baskets at their backs, are searching for periwinkles; and, almost at the very foot of my little pathway, a martial figure, clad in a light slate-gray surtout, is seated on a ledge of rock, with a carbine and sabre at his side, as if he were posted there to repel some expected hostile invasion. He is one of the *douaniers*, or coast-guards stationed at the neighboring village. At my approach, he rises and bows, and I cannot, without incivility, escape saying *Bonjour* in return.

"This is a magnificent scene!" I observed, as the most obvious remark I could make.

"Yes, it is superb; but, still, it is very dull and lonely for me. Six hours here at a spell, with nothing to do except watching the water, and without a soul to speak to, is but melancholy work, although it is my trade. In summer, we frequently have visitors, like yourself, look in upon us here; but winter is coming, and you are now the last stranger in the place. It is cold too—so completely open to the north—and I come from the south, from the other side of Bordeaux. Of course, we expect to feel a little chilly in the night-watches; but, even by day, the winter's sun never shines at the foot of these tall cliffs; and English flannel is so prettily dear!"

"Pardon! Not so very dear," I replied, turning back the cuff of my coat sleeve, "This elastic under-garment, which keeps me warm almost from head to foot, cost me four francs, and will last me several winters."

"You could not buy such a one in France for double the money. We take care to keep so sharp a look-out, that the contrabandists would not find it very easy to land their English flannels here."

He pronounced this with a highly satisfied air. Coast-guard clan feeling—perhaps I ought to say duty—had stifled every other consideration. After a while, he asked, "Is England the same as France? I know everything there is much dearer than here, but have you cliffs and seas like these? Have you fields and soldiers, and coast-guards the same as we have?"

"In the first place," I answered, "everything is not dearer in England than in France. Besides flannel, which has just been mentioned, we have sugar, which you are all so fond of, better, and at little more than half the price; besides print dresses, iron, cutlery, and several other useful things. As to the sea, the cliffs, the fields, and so on, we have them all quite as beautiful as in France, and you would not find yourself altogether in a new world in England. We have also the honor to maintain a coast-guard."

"But have you good cider and wine, and plenty of them, like us?"

"Of cider we make a little, but not near enough. Wine we buy of you and other foreign nations; but our coast-guard makes them very dear in England, exactly as you make flannel, and sugar, and iron so costly in France. The last bottle of cider which I drank in London cost me a franc; the last bottle of Bordeaux, a good many francs—all in consequence of the polite attentions of the English *douaniers*."

"*Saprestie!* I should n't like that at all! A bottle of wine would be quite out of the question for such as me."

"Of course it would, just as much as a stock of fine lamb's-wool flannel shirts, like mine, are out of the question now, unless you smuggle them, which, as a man of honor, you cannot. But it is simply a game of tit for tat: both parties are punished alike. Two great nations, England and France, each maintain an army of *douaniers*, for the purpose of cutting short one another's supplies. You go without sugar and flannel; that is to say, you have not half enough of either, and we, to the same extent, go without cider and wine. Excuse what I am saying—I mean no personal offence—but this double army of *douaniers* does more permanent and wide-spread mischief, than would a double army of soldiers on the field of battle; because, when the battle is over, and they have killed and wounded on each side as

many fellow-creatures as they deem expedient, a peace may follow for ten, twenty, or even thirty years, during which men can make railways, discover electric telegraphs, build ocean steam-boats, and found colonies. But between the two armies of *douaniers* the warfare is incessant; there is no interval of truce in which people can enjoy, even for a short-lived season, the transitory comfort of cheap sugar, and wine, and flannel, and cider. And if you have a mind for a few *camisoles* like mine, and wish your wife to go to mass next summer in a smart English *indienne* robe, I can see only one way in which it may be managed."

"*Ma foi!* Monsieur, I wish you would tell me."

"Listen, then, with all your ears. You know that you have as much cider as you can consume at home, and more. You know that during the long drought last spring, when water was scarce and had to be fetched from a long distance, people in this neighborhood made use of the weaker cider, or *boisson*, instead of water, as being the cheaper fluid of the two. You know that, in some years, there are so many apples and so much apple-juice, that you have not barrels sufficient to contain it, and that cart-loads and cart-loads of fruit are wasted, for want of vessels to put their produce in. And, as you come from the south, you know that in the wine provinces you could grow wine enough to supply all England, as well as all France, if you could only persuade the English to come and fetch it at a moderate price. Is not that the truth, Monsieur le Douanier?"

"Monsieur l'Anglais, it is the true truth," he replied, nodding his head in confirmation of every separate assertion which I made, as it was uttered.

"Well, then; the only way for you to have cheap flannel and sugar, and for us to have cheap wine, is this: On the line of Coast between Dunkirk and Brest there is stationed, I think, a tolerably large army of Customs-men. You say that you are dull and cold for half the year in this romantic spot; and I have seen a good many of your comrades during my travels hither, who look just as dull and cold as you are. Suppose, then, that your government were to give you something else to do by way of an amusing change; suppose it were to put this whole grand army of *douaniers* upon the retiring list, and then were to set one half of them to make more cider-barrels and wine-casks, and the other half to plant more apple-trees and vineyards. Suppose that my government were, in like manner, to discharge or pension off every coast-guard between the Godwin Sands and the Scilly Islands, and commission one half of them to build more trading vessels, and employ the other half to navigate them, and to bring to France clothing and garden tools, flannels, calicoes, and pruning-knives, to pay for your cider and wine and fruit, so that there should be nobody left on either shore to stop the comforts of life from being landed thereon; but that the very men who now prevent a mutual exchange of superfluities, should assist in handing them across the water; what do you think of that way of getting flannel waistcoats, not only for yourself, but for your rheumatic father and your tall, pale-faced girl, who are neither of them a bit too warmly clad?"

"But the revenue, and the minister of the interior, and the minister of war, and the beet-root

sugar manufacturers, and the iron-founders, and the spinners of *rouenneries* by foreign machinery worked by foreign coals?"

"There are divers ways of raising a revenue, besides starving, or at least pinching and inconveniencing one another to do it. In France, a dog-tax would bring you in a trifle, as well as serve to check a serious nuisance. But here comes one of your friends to take his turn at your post. It may be sage not to let him overhear us discussing this important question. My motive for silence is not the difficulty about the revenue, but the immense changes which such a proposition would seem to imply."

"The changes!" he exclaimed, with a shrug of unrivalled expression. "It must be a wonderful change to surprise anybody in France. *Au plaisir*, Monsieur, I am going to dinner; and, on the word of a Frenchman, the secret you have just mentioned is as safe in my keeping as if you had not confided it to a living soul."

COLONEL STACK.—I have just mentioned Stack, formerly of Walshe's regiment, as being among the officers of the late Irish Brigade who went on half-pay at its dissolution. He had remained on half-pay so long that he became the oldest colonel of the army. He obtained his promotion to the rank of major-general after a somewhat curious interview with the Duke of York.

Having solicited the honor of an audience of his royal highness, he received an intimation that the duke would receive him at the Horse Guards next day, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

He was punctual in his attendance; and being introduced to the commander-in-chief, was honored with the expression of the duke's usual politeness, and the customary question, "Well, colonel, what can I do for you?"

"I perceive, sir," replied Stack, "that there is a brevet coming out, in which I hope to be included. I am the senior colonel in his majesty's service."

"True, Colonel Stack; but give me leave to ask you of what religion are you?"

"I am of the religion of a major-general."

The duke bowed, and Stack was gazetted.—*Reminiscences of an Emigrant Milesian.*

PURITAN BOOKS.—The North Wales Chronicle says that there is in possession of a person at Anglesey a set of books which were in circulation during the protectorate or dictatorship of Cromwell. The titles are quaint and characteristic of that time, as will be seen by the following enumeration: GODLY BOOKS.—"A most delectable, sweet perfumed nosegay, for God's saints to smell at." "A pair of bellows to blow off the dust cast upon John Fry." "The snuffers of divine love." "Hooks and eyes for believers' breeches." "High-heeled shoes for dwarfs in holiness." "Crumbs of comfort for the chickens of the covenant." "A sigh of sorrow for the sinners of Sion, breathed out of a hole in an earthen vessel, known among men by the name of Samuel Fish." "The spiritual mustard-pot, to make the soul sneeze with devotion." "Salvation's vantage-ground; or a loupng stand for heavy believers." "A shot aimed at the devil's head-quarters, through the tube of the cannon of the covenant." "A reaping-hook well tempered for the ears of the coming crop; or biscuits baked in the oven of charity, carefully conserved for the chickens of the church, sparrows of the spirit, and doves of the soul."

From the Economist.

THE CRITICAL POSITION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

HALF the perils of England have been averted by the simple transference of power from a feeble, rickety, and unrespected government to one which commands the support, and is competent to direct the energies, of the country. Come what may, we may now indulge in that sense of security which is justified by the knowledge that whatever other dangers we may be called upon to encounter, such as would arise from the inexperience or incapacity of our rulers will not be of the number. With our most respected leader at the Foreign Office, our cleverest and most energetic statesman at the Home Department, and our ablest administrator at the Admiralty, it will be the fault of the country and not of the government if we are not soon as safe, as powerful, and as influential as we ever were. But lest the people, confident in the wisdom and vigor of their chiefs, should relapse into premature economy and false security, and forget that their cordial and energetic support is essential to the efficient action even of the ablest government—we are desirous of calling the serious attention of all parties to the peculiar, critical, and unprecedented position in which Great Britain is now placed in relation to the other European powers—and to the duties and necessities that result therefrom.

Our situation relative to the other leading members of the great European commonwealth of nations has not only materially changed, but has been almost entirely reversed, since the beginning of the century. At the commencement of the revolutionary wars which sprang out of the convulsions of 1789 and 1793, Russia, Austria, Prussia, and England were firmly established hereditary monarchies—none except the first, properly speaking, absolute, but all governed by conservative and somewhat despotically-minded statesmen. At that time, too, England was a continental power, in virtue of the Hanoverian connection. When the flood of French liberalism and the aggressive spirit of French propagandism spread over Europe, all the monarchical states felt themselves united by a common interest, and banded together against a common foe. Their mutual jealousies and animosities were as nothing in the face of a danger which menaced alike the very foundations of them all. Between an ambitious and revolutionary republic and *Dei Gratia* sovereigns there could be no real sympathy and only scanty and suspicious truce. All old governments became natural allies; while the natural allies of France were the malcontents, the oppressed, and the insurgents of every land. Europe stood on one side, and France on the other.

When the empire succeeded to the republic the relative position of European parties was not really or permanently changed. The military spirit and insatiable passion for aggrandizement which distinguished France under Napoleon made her as much the common enemy—the *hostis humani generis*—as her democratic doctrines had made her under Robespierre and Carnot. From time to time, indeed, as short-sighted policy or hard necessity dictated, one or another of the continental states entered into treaties of alliance with the conqueror. But these arrangements were only transient;—throughout the whole period England was looked upon as the great bulwark of monarchy, the soul of the grand confederacy of kings,

against an intruder and a ravager. The old bond was reformed in 1813; and from that time till the fall of Napoleon and the restoration of the Bourbons, Russia, Austria, Prussia, and England fought side by side for a cause which all had equally at heart.

When Louis XVIII. ascended the throne of his fathers, as a legitimate though now in some sort a constitutional monarch, France was restored to the federation of hereditary monarchies, and formed the fifth power of the great European alliance. From that till 1830 the alliance continued unbroken, and to all external appearance unchanged;—but during the whole of this period a silent but most momentous struggle was going on in the interior of at least four out of five of these states—a struggle between the democratic and the monarchical or despotic element. The people were endeavoring to obtain constitutional power, or to increase what they had obtained; the sovereigns were endeavoring to consolidate and strengthen their own authority. This strife went on with various success in the different countries till the revolution of 1830, and the new settlement which that convulsion brought about. Let us see in what position that event landed the great European powers. France had driven away her legitimate sovereign for his daring attempt to destroy her liberties; but she had avoided her former error, and in place of proclaiming a republic, had placed on the throne a constitutional monarch, and established free institutions and a parliamentary government (Spain and Portugal became constitutional states also, by the aid of England; but we need not take them into consideration in the present sketch). Austria, Russia, and the smaller German States took warning, and began to promise constitutional concessions to their respective subjects. Belgium separated herself from Holland, and became a free limited monarchy like France. And Russia, though herself as absolute as ever, thought it wise, in order to preserve the peace of Europe, to concur with France and England in supporting the new settlement.

Meanwhile a revolution, almost as great, though more gradual and peaceful than that of France, had taken place in England. The old Tory ideas of divine right and of hatred to democratic influence had been greatly shaken. The people had insisted on a larger share in the management of their own affairs. With Canning a more liberal spirit had introduced itself into the foreign policy of the nation. England had discouraged the despotic conduct of the continental sovereigns; she had acknowledged the independence of South America and Greece; she had secured the establishment of constitutional forms (at least) of government in Spain and Portugal; and she had manifested the strongest sympathy with the French revolution of July. More than all, she had won her own reform bill. The democratic element in her constitution had greatly increased its influence. The whigs, who, throughout the old Napoleonic wars, had played the part of *frondeurs*, and often of sympathizers with foreign patriots and peoples, came into power, and either themselves or through their rivals, have ever since conducted the affairs of Britain. The result of all these changes was that all the west of Europe—England, France, Belgium, Spain, and Portugal—was free and constitutional, and bound together in a natural alliance; Russia, Austria, and Prussia, being still despotic or striving to remain so, were still our

allies by treaty, but no longer by internal interests or natural sympathy—by that *idem velle et idem nolle de republica*, which is the only sure and permanent bond of union between states. Still, however, England was a great and strongly fortified continental power. Only her position had changed; in place of being naturally united with Russia, Austria, and Prussia against France, she was naturally united to France, and in an attitude—not at all of hostility but still of non-sympathy—with the other three powers.

Eighteen years passed away. Then followed the revolution of 1848, the deposition of Louis Philippe, the Italian insurrection, the Lombard wars, the Prussian, Austrian, and Hungarian revolutions—the fatal and merciless suppression of them all—the confusion in France, the reaction, the *coup d'état*, and the transformation of the most powerful of our natural allies from a free constitutional state into a despotic empire, wielded by the nephew and heir of our great ancestral foe. The very semblance of liberty and popular government is trodden out in Germany, with the single exception of Hanover; Russia has aided to trample down Hungary, which possessed the only real constitution in the East of Europe; and Austria is more despotic than she has ever been. It is obvious, at a glance, that the events of the last four years have entirely changed the position of England in relation to the other European powers. *She is now the only great free constitutional state remaining*; and her government has become more and more popular, as those of the other nations have become more and more absolute. Her only natural allies (allies by similarity of liberal institutions) are now Piedmont, which is infantine, inexperienced, and feeble—and Belgium, which is fearfully exposed. In place of being united with Russia, Austria, and Prussia against democratic or aggressive France (as we were at the opening of the century); in place of being united with free and constitutional France against all enemies (as we were twenty years ago)—*we now*, as regards the nature of our institutions and the character of our nation, *stand alone*, with only two helpless *protégés* by our side.

Now, we do not for a moment wish to assume that, because France has altered her form of government, she must, therefore, necessarily become an active enemy—still less that the northern powers will not remain faithful to engagements solemnly contracted and to alliances heretofore honorably maintained. But it is of the utmost importance that we should not blind ourselves either to the fact that recent events have wrought a great change in our situation, or to the peculiar features and consequences of that change. The case is simply and without circumlocution this:—All the other great powers of Europe have become absolute and arbitrary—we alone have remained popular and free. Austria, Prussia, France, Tuscany, Rome, Naples have all had to contend with insurgent patriots in their respective countries, and have suppressed them with rigorous injustice;—with those patriots England is known to sympathize necessarily and warmly, though hitherto ineffectively and with discrimination. To whatever extent policy, or a sense of obligation to treaties, or a principle of non-interference, may tie her from active coöperation, her wishes must go with peoples who are struggling for their just, natural, and covenanted rights, who aspire to emulate her freedom and to follow her example. With foreign patriots, therefore, we inevitably sympathize; from foreign courts we must

at least be alienated. The case, therefore, stands thus: The three absolute Sovereigns of Europe—the King of Prussia, and the Emperors of Austria and Russia—are menaced with two dangers—democratic insurrection, and French military ambition;—which do they dread most? Which ought they to dread most? Which is most serious, imminent, and lasting?

France is undoubtedly always an unquiet neighbor. Her military tastes, her passion for glory, her ambition for paramount influence in the councils of the European commonwealth, the large and well-appointed army which she always keeps on foot, and, more than all, her constant and not inexplicable longing for a frontier which nature seems to have intended for her, but which adverse fate has hitherto denied her—all justify the jealousy, suspicion, and vigilance with which she is regarded by continental powers. But, on the other hand, these feelings are greatly modified by the reflection that any manifestation of a tendency towards systematic aggrandizement would unite against her all her neighbors, and that for their combined forces she would be no match; that her arms are not now, as in the early part of the century, wielded by a giant like Napoleon, and that even he was overpowered when Europe coalesced against him; that the interests of her present government are too intimately bound up with those of the other despotic powers to make it wise on her part to risk a quarrel; and finally and especially, that the acquisition of the frontier she desires (and which could be given her chiefly at the expense of the two great objects of despotic abomination, Belgium and Piedmont) would at once remove the main cause of her restlessness and bad neighborhood. It may very possibly occur to the continental powers that if Prussia could be indemnified elsewhere for the surrender of her outlying provinces on the West of the Rhine, and if France could be allowed to absorb them as well as Belgium and Savoy, she would have obtained all that she could rationally desire in the way of territorial aggrandizement, and might thenceforth be expected to be comparatively quiet. It will be remembered, also, that even if Louis Napoleon should manifest ambitious or aggressive tendencies in other directions, a coalition between Austria, Russia, and Prussia, countenanced (as in such a case it would be) by England, would suffice to keep France in bounds during his lifetime; and that after his death—especially if, as is hoped, he be succeeded by the Comte de Chambord—she would cease to be a formidable, because no longer an ill-disposed neighbor. They are well aware, too, that an amicable understanding with France would enable all of them to forward their own respective pet projects of aggrandizement, and that (a good European frontier once obtained) the ulterior views of France lie in a direction which will not bring her into collision with them or their designs. All these considerations may tend towards mitigating their dread of the first of their two great dangers—that of the warlike ambition of France;—it is satisfiable; it is controllable; it is transient, so far as they are concerned—at least it may well seem to be all this.

But how does the case stand with regard to the other peril which menaces them—the spread of liberal opinions, the risk of patriotic insurrections and democratic revolutions? The danger here is imminent, deadly, and permanent. Hungary, Italy, and Northern Germany are three volcanoes, ever

ready for explosion, and kept down only by the severest pressure and at a vast expense. The governments of Austria and Prussia know well that with them the struggle is one, not for a greater or less degree of power—not for concessions of greater or less extent—but for *existence*; Russia dreads, and with reason, the spread of liberal doctrines into her own dominions. England, Belgium, and Piedmont are grieved and indignant at the horrible oppressions of the despots, and are filled with warm though suppressed sympathy with the suffering friends of freedom. These states are the moral supporters, the secret hope, of the patriots of every land. On the other hand, Louis Napoleon has put down the republicans and constitutionalists of France with a success and an iron relentlessness which his brother emperors may well admire and long to imitate. He, from his position and antecedents, is naturally leagued with them against liberty and the votaries and martyrs of liberty throughout Europe. But if they were to quarrel with him, and if, as a result of such quarrel, he were to join England in active encouragement to the revolutionary parties in other states (and he would not be withheld as we have been by diplomatic decencies and treaty-ties), Italy, Hungary, and the North of Germany would speedily be again in insurrection, and then woe to the despotic thrones of Central Europe.

We conclude, therefore, that these powers have more to fear from those internal enemies with whom England could not help sympathizing, than from that external foe whom she would join them in resisting. With France and England united in the cause of popular government, arbitrary government might well tremble for its lease of life; with France, Austria, Russia, and Prussia united in the cause of despotism, constitutional liberty may well tremble in its turn; for England is in Europe its sole champion and its last asylum.

So long then as France remains despotic, and Prussia, Hungary, and Italy unrevolutionized, on England is thrown the entire weight and responsibility of supporting constitutional government, and keeping alive the sacred fire of freedom. To her courage, vigilance, fidelity, and strength, is intrusted the safeguard of the grandest fragment of human destiny that was ever committed to human hands. All the higher interests of European civilization are given into her charge. She is now the only great nation of the eastern hemisphere where thought and speech are free—where man can stand erect in his native dignity—where all the long-sought and hard-won treasures of the loftier life are still untrifled and secure. On her everything most dear to Europe and the world now depends. If, from sordid selfishness, or low economy, or narrow vision, or insane apathy, or senseless security, she prove unfaithful to or unworthy of her trust; if she be content to remain so feeble, so half-armed, so imperfectly prepared, that she can resent no insult, can defend no ally, can venture on no vigorous or indignant protest; if by her indolence she invite aggression, or by her wilful weakness allow herself to be ignored by the other powers in their continental arrangements; she will have incurred the guilt of burying not one, but ten talents in the earth; and whatever fate may be reserved for her, she will have invited and deserved it.

Her duty, in this critical position in which we have shown her to be standing, is obvious and twofold. First, she must rouse herself like a

strong man after sleep, and summon up all her energies and make whatever sacrifices may be needed (and never could she afford them so well as now) to suit a crisis than which she has known none more grave in her recent history. She must prepare promptly and fully for menacing contingencies which may never come, but which assuredly *will come if she is not prepared for them*. She must not allow herself one single moment of easy conscience or of quiet sleep till she is in a position to perform alike her engagements to her allies and her duty to herself. England, torpid, indolent, and stingy in spite of her enormous wealth, offers a tempting spectacle to all who are jealous of her greatness, all who have been irritated by her arrogance, all who fear her tendencies, all who are greedy for her spoils. England, awake, ready, mighty, and majestic—with her loins girded and her lamp burning—may feel sure that no European power, single or combined, will dare to incur her just hostility or trifle with her pledged allies.

Secondly, as the sole surviving representative government of any magnitude or purity—as the origin and example of all others—it becomes her so to conduct her internal affairs and national transactions, that this form of government shall be honored in the sight of all nations. She must show that at least one land remains where the maximum of popular control is compatible with the maximum of executive efficiency—where popular statesmen vie with each other in forgetfulness of themselves and devotion to their country—where parties can exist without degenerating into factions—and where loyalty and democracy can go hand-in-hand. Now, more than ever, must her hands be clean and her course lofty and consistent:—where one only beacon light is left, visible through the growing night and aloft above the rising tempest, it behoves that light to be steady, pure, and piercing.

From the Economist.

THE TWO MINISTRIES.

THE GAIN OF A LOSS.

ENGLAND has at last obtained such a government as she has long needed and has of late begun earnestly to desire. The new cabinet comprises within its limits, or has ensured the support of, all the high reputation, all the political experience, all the proved statesmanship, and nearly all the debating talent of Parliament. If we except Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli on one side, and Messrs. Cobden, Bright, and Roebuck on the other, there is not a single notability left out. A ministry so comprehensive has not been seen since the days of Pelham: a ministry so rich in varied talent, in official ability, and in public estimation, has probably never been seen before. Its composition, as comprising men of many shades of party opinion, is a guarantee that mere party questions will be put aside or lie in abeyance;—and the people out of doors have long been sick and impatient at the time wasted, the character sacrificed, and the interests neglected in the excitement of mere party strife. Its composition, as comprising men known to be awake to the great practical administrative labors which lie before them, gives us a guarantee that these matters will engage its interest and earnest attention;—and the country has long yearned for a government whose whole strength will be concentrated upon doing its duty and not upon defending its position. Finally, its composition, as consisting

of men whose general principles of policy and views of the national interests are harmonious and consistent, gives us a guarantee that the affairs of the empire will henceforth be conducted by statesmen in whose hands neither the cause of public morality, nor the honor of Great Britain, nor the credit of representative government, will be allowed to sink or suffer;—and all these things the nation has deeply at heart; and for all these things it had, with reason, begun to grumble.

It is not easy to overestimate the injury done in respect of all these matters by the late ministry, and the still greater injury threatened by their longer continuance in office. At a crisis which, more imperatively than any we have known of late years, demanded the united energies of the whole nation wielded by statesmen fitted to direct them and able to turn them to the best account—which urgently required that our government should be in a position to speak to other governments in the name of the combined and concentrated people of Great Britain as in that of one mighty and awakened giant—our representative, director, and mouthpiece has been a foreign minister feeble, inexperienced, careless, incompetent, and unknown; and with dangerous absolutist leanings into the bargain. For the first time for nearly a century the reputation and *prestige* of England has seriously suffered; for the first time since the American war a prime minister has been found who, for the convenience of party arrangements or the achievement of a transient party victory, scrupled not to commit the honor of his country to the keeping of a man of whom we do not wish to speak disrespectfully in saying that, neither before his accession to office nor after, has he shown any single qualification for the post. The duties which have been found no easy ones by a Pitt, a Fox, a Canning, an Aberdeen, and a Palmerston, Lord Derby did not shrink from committing to a Malmesbury.

The credit of representative government suffered no ordinary shock when it appeared to have confided the helm of state to a party who formed only a minority in Parliament, and a still smaller minority in the nation, and who were incalculably inferior to their opponents not only in numbers but in talent, in experience, in debating powers, and in public reputation. Parliamentary combinations and party struggles had resulted in handing over the government to a body of men either known for their unfitness or not known at all;—whose chief was a brilliant debater and a celebrated nobleman, who had made bitter enemies and left behind him embarrassing *imbroglios* in every office he had filled;—whose second in command was a daring adventurer, a showy rhetorician, a clever, audacious, unscrupulous politician, a master of invective, an apprentice in administration;—and whose rank and file were simply unknown and untried men, of respectable character and moderate abilities. Opposite to these men, and excluded by them from power, were ranged all the chiefs and notabilities of senatorial life; men who had been trained to office and debate from their earliest days; men who had conducted the affairs of the country through long years of trouble, vicissitude, and renown; men who had been colleagues of Canning, and men who had been fellow-laborers with Lord Grey; men who had been the chosen friends and the worthy associates of the great statesman whose memory all, save Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli, unite to venerate; men who had led the House of Commons through the most perplexing and eventful

times; men who had assisted at the creation of new states; men who had made themselves an historical name and a European reputation. All that was venerable for long services, all that was honored for unspotted character, all that was trusted for superb ability, all that was admired for parliamentary genius, sat on the opposition benches;—arranged against them, triumphant and in power, were the mediocrities, the obscurities, and the eccentricities of the political arena! Had these retained their position, we might well have doubted the soundness or wisdom of that representative system under which such an anomaly was possible.

But the cause of public morality suffered as much by the methods made use of by the late ministry to retain power, as the cause of parliamentary government did by the mere fact of their having obtained it. The careful avoidance of any manly avowal of their honest opinions or their intended policy; their appeal to the country upon no principle at all; their permitting some of their colleagues to claim support from county constituencies by representing the government as protectionist, and others to cajole town constituencies by representing it as having abandoned protection; Mr. Disraeli's complete adoption of a free-trade policy in the Commons, where he could not help it; Lord Derby's partial, shuffling, and reluctant admission of it in the Lords, where he had more of his own way; and finally the monstrous fact, which it was impossible to disguise, that retention of office by these ministers was only possible on condition of a surrender of the doctrines which they had preached, and a violation of the promises which they had made, while in the arctic regions of opposition, and that they did not demur to pay this price for it;—all these things weighed heavily upon the minds of those who were accustomed to regard the honor of British statesmen as the great treasure and glory of the nation, and who refused to believe that "there could be any scheme or measure as beneficial to the state as the mere existence of men who would not do a base act for any public or private advantage." When, in addition to all this, the country saw the secretary at war obliged to resign his office because he had found it impossible to clear himself from the charge of close and intimate complicity in a systematic attempt to vitiate the results of the late general election—it was felt, by men of every party to whom the character of the nation was dear, that a change of some sort was imperative. The official chiefs of a people can never, without danger and discredit, be chosen except from its most celebrated, honored, and unstained names.

Another evil was inseparable from a ministry situated like the late one. Its existence could only be maintained by a constant miracle—either of good fortune or of skill and toil. Its whole energies had to be concentrated on the task of self-preservation. Hence it could have little either of time or strength left for the duties of administration or legislation. The most difficult and urgent problems of national safety, of colonial interests, of internal improvement, of imperial well-being, would necessarily have been postponed to the constantly recurring necessities of self-defence. While Mr. Disraeli was fencing with the skill of the fighting, and the desperation of the dying, gladiator, a colony might be ruined, an ally disgusted, an enemy made, an opportunity lost, a fearful danger incurred, an irreparable injury sustained. Nor is

this all. Safety might have to be purchased by means which would inflict serious and permanent evil on the nation; votes would have to be bought by the sacrifice of revenue; and in the face of increasing expenditure, two millions and a half would have to be scattered among the agricultural body to secure their wavering allegiance. In striving to maintain a menaced, precarious, and unnatural existence, the ministry might have had to throw overboard everything that made that existence desirable or dignified; and the captain and crew might have been saved at the expense of the ship and the cargo. From this peril and this ignominy we are now happily rescued; and if our new rulers know, as we believe they do, in what direction lies their duty, and in what course and quarter they should look for strength, a career is before them, and a prospect before the country, which both may well be proud of and thankful for.

From the United Service Magazine.

ENGLAND ON THE DEFENSIVE.

WITHOUT being alarmists, we have never ceased to urge the necessity of a large addition to our defensive strength, and we now heartily congratulate the country on the measures already taken by the present administration to set our house in order. We may not have invasion, we may not have war, but our cry is, let us be prepared for whatever may arise. An addition of five thousand men to our naval force, and of two thousand artillerymen, is a very good beginning. Let our next step be to provide for the security of our most important matériel—our guns and shot. To continue Woolwich-yard, the greatest ordnance depot, is about as wise as placing the provisions of the Cabul force in a weak detached fort; an insane measure which cost us an army. Let a certain proportion of the guns and stores now at Woolwich be sent into the Tower of London, and the remainder despatched without a week's delay to our fortified dock-yards; this is the best advice we can offer. For, supposing us so foolish as to keep them where they are, and that fifty or sixty thousand Frenchmen could be debarked on the Kentish coast; would not their aim be to take a position on Plumstead Common, and help themselves to as many mortars and long guns as they might choose? There would be no need for them to embarrass themselves with siege artillery, and horses to draw it, while all they could want lay ready for their use.

We are not of those who expect to have to shoulder a musket and fight *pro aris et focis*; but we, at the same time, do not look upon an invasion as impossible. Napoleon I. was near paying us a visit; Napoleon III. may attempt it; and every one will allow that steam has much increased his chance of succeeding. In days of yore it was no easy matter to blockade an enemy's fleet, and will it be easier now? Of steam warfare on a large scale we know nothing as yet, but we daily see the magnitude of steam-vessels increased, and may yet witness ships equal to carry three or four thousand soldiers for a short voyage. We trust we are mistaken; but it strikes us that in most points steam is more favorable to France than to England; that is, confining our view to the invasion question.

We have said above that we do not consider aggression on our shores as impossible; let us now

add that we look on it as unlikely. Our opinion is, that an expedition of such magnitude as would be required, could not be prepared suddenly, and that we should have many weeks for preparation to meet it. An army leaving France must come provided with pontoons, a battering train, munitions of war, and even provisions, in addition to field guns and cavalry bearing some proportion to its strength in bayonets; for we hold it absurd to suppose that invasion could be effectual by a force, however large, unless so provided. For suppose it possible that an hundred thousand infantry, with a small amount of cavalry, could be thrown upon us by surprise; what, we ask, would be the situation of this army, destitute of its proper accompaniments? No dock-yard could be assailed for want of siege artillery; no river of any size could be passed without pontoons; and the invaders might reach the Surrey side of London without power to cross the river, and unable to bombard for want of heavy metal. But without battering guns, an enemy could, as we think, make little impression on the metropolis, even were no river in his way; for surely the defenders would have great guns, and plenty of them, with field-works for their protection, while barricades would spring up in every street, also bristling with cannon.

But while on this subject, we feel inclined to go a step further, and assert that for an army, however large and provided with heavy guns and mortars, to attack London would be a most hazardous undertaking. Who has not heard of Saragossa, and how the French were foiled there by its heroic citizens? Again, it was but the other day that the mob of Milan proved an overmatch for the large Austrian force occupying that city. And lastly, did it not require all the skill, prudence, and determination of General La Moricière to circumvent the defensive plans of the populace of Paris? We have thus seen numerous instances of what a thoroughly aroused population can effect, and with such examples before us, is it for Englishmen to doubt the result of the battle of London? No: our houses might crumble to the earth under the hail of a bombardment, and an amount of mischief and misery beyond calculation be inflicted on the inhabitants; but their cry, as at Saragossa, would be "*Guerre al cuchilla*"—War to the knife.

It is these considerations, coupled with the necessary measures now in progress, of largely increasing our ships and soldiers, which induce us to think invasion unlikely; but while holding this opinion, we must repeat both to the Peace Society and the Manchester school of politicians that warlike strength is a better preservative of peace than all their meetings and palaverings. Moreover, if our Manchester friends would now and then step up out of their mills and study the page of history, commercial history—they might learn that no people ever yet maintained a long course of trading prosperity unaided by warlike power; and reflection might induce the conviction on their minds that Britain will retain her preëminence in commerce just so long as her maritime superiority endures. They are twin sisters of opposite natures, but necessary to each other, and must go hand in hand. Be it then our grand aim to cultivate among us the martial spirit which has made us what we are, and we need not fear for the spinning of cotton: not forgetting that successful trading will always admit of taxation adequate to purchase its protection.

England may be compared to a great fortress insufficiently garrisoned, but surrounded by a very wide ditch, which an enemy might cross readily enough, had he no opposition to encounter. Could he once break through our wooden walls, we fear that notwithstanding all our patriotism, energy, and what not, we should find the extermination of 100,000 Frenchmen a ruinous task; neither would it be a pleasant sight to see them, after ravaging our fair country, returning home laden with plunder, by means of express trains and British steamers, through a "Cintra" convention. We reiterate again and again that no matter at what cost, the enemy must be kept from our shores by the fleet, which is our real defensive power; and we therefore read with infinite satisfaction the reports from "our own correspondents" at Portsmouth and Plymouth announcing this and that first-rate ship with screw propeller as being nearly ready for service.

It is also gratifying to our patriotic feelings to receive such good accounts of the incipient militia, seeing it is the only considerable addition to the land force that is likely to be made at present; and we would have those who depreciate a militia force, just to refer back to the day of Busaco, when raw Portuguese levies, little superior in discipline to what our militia may become, stood firmly beside the British troops. At Waterloo again, had not the great Duke some twenty thousand recruits under him, Hanoverians, Brunswickers, &c., who, if unsupported by his old Peninsular veterans, could not have withstood the enemy for an instant? and yet these raw soldiers held their ground, from knowing they had, on either side of them, troops who had never suffered defeat. On the whole, we have reason to be satisfied with what has been done, and is doing, for adding to our strength; but we must go on, for our mind's eye traces extraordinary scenes to be acted out ere long—*L'Empire, c'est la guerre*—or we are no prophets. Our vision discloses French aggression on the continent, if not upon ourselves by invasion—the rising of trans-Rhenus masses, another Waterloo, abdication, and St. Helena. In the words of the prescient Francis Moore, physician, we say, if Napoleon III. can avert his fate, let him; we give him fair warning.

From the United Service Magazine.

OUR DUTY TO BELGIUM.

Among the many considerations suggested by the restoration of the empire in France, that which claims our first attention, as well from its own importance as its contingent associations, is the critical position of Belgium. The interests of that country, indeed, are more closely linked with our own than many imagine, and, in a military point of view, cannot easily or safely be separated. It was not at the gates of Rome that Cæsar decided the fate of the ancient world, and, should the general expectation of a war with France be realized our next Waterloo, like the last, will be fought on the plains of Flanders. Duty and patriotism demand that we should secure the safety and inviolability of our native shores, by strengthening in every way the effective defence provided by nature; but in guarding the approaches to the citadel, we must not overlook the outpost. Such a term may seem misapplied to a foreign territory, but, in this particular case, it is strictly and literally correct. Belgium is the Thermopylæ of the

Continent—the gate of central Europe; and, as such, it is most important to us, for more reasons than we need pause to enumerate, that it should be in the occupation of a friendly power. The cause of Belgium, in fact, is European, and we cannot be indifferent to her independence without compromising our own.

At the present conjuncture, it would be idle to disguise the fact that the posture of affairs in France, as far as it is permitted to appear, is menacing to Belgium. However pacific the disposition of the French people, no one attempts to deny, what is indeed apparent to the most ordinary observer, that the army, the real source of power, is hot for war. This spirit may be restrained for a time by the excitement attendant on the inauguration of the new order of things, and the expectations to which it gives rise; but the impression is now universal, among politicians of every shade of opinion, that, sooner or later, war must result. We do not pretend to penetrate the implacable reserve in which Louis Napoleon, with hereditary treachery, envelops his ulterior designs, though it is naturally so transparent to some of our contemporaries; but we have shown, in a former article, that the difficulties of his position will eventually make war with his necessity. As his intentions are kept out of sight, and his professions represented as untrustworthy, there is nothing to guide us to an inkling of the course he is likely to pursue but the general tenor of events. Our conclusions, then, must be grounded on the indications of public feeling, the scale and character of the national armaments, and the tradition of the man. These, indeed, unhappily furnish data too clear to leave much doubt of the issue.

Let it be well understood that Louis Napoleon is perfectly sincere in his present professions of peace. On every account it is of the first importance to his projects, whatever they may be, that he should consolidate his power at home before he ventured on novel and hazardous experiments abroad; and every hour that he can wrest from action promotes duration and stability. Hence it is that while ardently pursuing his personal aggrandizement he engages the public mind in every imaginable excitement, encouraging commercial speculation and financial credit to a degree wholly disproportioned to the means and capabilities of the country, although, on the first shock of public faith, a panic must infallibly follow. Fully sensible that any eruption on his part in the present disposition of Europe, would unite all the great powers in a common league against him, it is his policy to wait on events, in the hope that something may turn up to weaken this coalition, or perhaps dissolve it. Should he detach but one member from the confederacy, his object will be gained; and, meanwhile, he can pursue at leisure, and by degrees, those preparations which, if made at once, would attract too much attention, and bring the whole continent as one man to the rescue.

What will be the immediate excuse for war, it would, of course, be absurd to conjecture; but events indicate more clearly what will be its first object. The Rhine boundary is the great delusion of French ambition, and that, if we may judge from what meets the eye, is the tub which the new Emperor will throw to the popular whale. His road to glory lies through Belgium, and leads, by a natural sequence, to the Rhine and the Scheldt. So notorious is this fact in France, that

it is now openly discussed among public men, and even furnishes a toast at military dinners, while the cannon (or why 12-pounders?) is actually cast for the campaign. Yet the execution of the project, like that of the long-talked-of *coup d'état* of December, will be as sudden as it will be signal. The man who surprised Paris with 150,000 men—who seized the most subtle politicians and most experienced generals of France in their beds, at the very moment when, simpletons that they were, they dreamt of thwarting his designs, may ere long make a similar demonstration on the frontiers of Flanders. Nor will this movement be an isolated one, or embrace the whole range of hostilities. At the same moment, a French army may enter Savoy, where, indeed, the emissaries of the Tuileries, as we learn from indubitable sources, are now actively engaged, enlisting the sympathies of the population; the army of Rome can at any time occupy Naples; and the powerful armament at Toulon, equipped with so much assiduity and zeal, will assuredly pounce upon Egypt. Thus abundant occupation will be furnished for England and Austria; and the disruption of the Austrian empire, which may be expected to follow immediately on the outbreak of war, will open a field of employment wide enough to engross all the attention and all the combined energies of the other powers of the Continent.

Apart from its boundary attractions, Belgium, considered of itself, presents much to tempt the cupidity, and much to excite the jealousy, of a potent, restless, and unscrupulous neighbor. Under the sway of a good and great king, this quondam province of Holland has become a rich and thriving monarchy, rising in the scale of nations with strides unparalleled in the history of modern Europe. Its crowded ports, its teeming cities, its great seats of manufacture, and its busy and extensive railways, attest, in emphatic accents, its wondrous advances in greatness. After an interval of several centuries, the famed Low Countries are again the mart and workshop of nations, but on a scale that, in the highest pitch of their prosperity, the honest Flemings of the middle ages could never have dreamt of attaining. Such a land must prove an overpowering bait to an army eager for plunder, and panting for the spoil, the excitement, and the unbridled license of war. Nor will other motives be wanting to the French ruler when the time for action arrives. An arbitrary and irresponsible government, based on the fears or the delusions of the governed, and the unanswerable argument of the bayonet, cannot possibly look with complacency on a monarchy founded on the unbiased suffrages of its subjects, and embodying all the principles of constitutional liberty. Did no other incentive to invasion exist, the independence and freedom of the Belgian people would furnish ample ground for quarrel to the Czar of France.

The Belgian government seem perfectly alive to the exigencies of the situation. The Chamber, on the application of the ministry, has voted a considerable sum for the repair of fortifications, and the army has been placed on an efficient footing. The loyalty and devotion of the people have been signally manifested, and on the late occasion of the king's birthday, as if responding to the necessities of the time, rose to a degree of enthusiasm not often witnessed out of England. Rumors, indeed, have reached us, from a quarter entitled to attention, that there is a party disaffected to the government, who would even welcome the chain of

French dominion; but though, having had Fergus O'Connors and Cuffys among ourselves, it is not hard to believe that there are a few madmen in Belgium, we conceive that the attitude and present temper of the people completely rebut this imputation. The king, the legislature, and the nation, united by a common feeling of duty, calmly await the contest; and it remains to be seen what will be the result.

In a condition of affairs so simple and plain, there is but one course for England to pursue, and, fortunately, it is that which honor and sound policy alike dictate. The treaty of 1815, which fixed definitively the territorial limits of France, must be literally and rigidly enforced. By that treaty, the Allied Powers are bound to furnish contingents for the defence of Belgium; and we may well ask if England, with her present limited force, is capable of fulfilling her pledge. We hear that the French government, among other preparations, have just equipped a regiment with 12-pounders, and it is notorious that our largest and heaviest guns are but nines. Is it intended instantly to remedy this defect, or do we wait till the night cometh, when no man can work? We are happy in having our military affairs directed by such men as Lords Hardinge and Raglan; but woe to those who, when the hour for action arrives, shall be found to have neglected their counsels, and despised their timely warnings! Their offence will indeed be unpardonable, and will be punished, not by the present generation alone, but by the execrations of posterity.

MR. POLLOCK, Judge of the Liverpool County court, has delivered judgment on a case arising out of the practice of sending small parcels in one package by railway; it being a question whether the railway company have a right to charge for each parcel so packed. Mr. Kimpton, the proprietor of an establishment for the conveyance of small parcels from Liverpool to London, sued the North-Western Railway Company for the sum of 2l. 12s. 8d., overcharge upon parcels forwarded. To check the practice of forwarding many small parcels in one, the railway company had given notice to Kimpton, among others, that all such packages in future should be charged double for carriage. Payment at this rate had been made under protest, and the claim made in the county court was to recover the difference. It was admitted that one parcel charged for as a packet parcel turned out not to be so; and on that one the judge gave a decision for Mr. Kimpton. Upon all the other parcels he allowed in addition to the single charge which would have been made for them if not coming originally from or intended eventually for different persons, 10 per cent. over the single rate of charge, as a reasonable charge for the extra risk and responsibility, whatever that may be, incurred by the company in carrying such packages. As the verdict satisfied neither party, it is expected that a case will be agreed upon for the superior courts.—*Economist*.

A Cyclopædia of Poetical Quotations. Edited by H. G. Adams. Part V. London: Groombridge and Sons. Edinburgh: James Hogg. 1852.

This very useful work fully justifies the opinion we expressed concerning it in a former number. The poetical selections, classified and arranged in alphabetical order, are invariably such as a fine taste and correct judgment would sanction. The volume or volumes, when finished, bid fair to supply a desideratum which the readers of poetry must long have felt.—*Tait*.

Correspondence of the Times.

FRENCH EMPEROR'S FIRST BALL.

Paris, Thursday, 13 Jan.

THE important affair which has for weeks past occupied the attention of a portion of the Paris population, and with an interest equal perhaps to that of the recognition of the new empire by the great powers, is now over. The first imperial ball, whose announcement has agitated the whole of the gay world in this gayest of capitals, kept so many on the tenterhooks of expectation, and which has called forth the exercise of as much diplomacy as would have made the fortune of half-a-dozen Talleyrands, took place last night. It will be readily believed that in a capital where pleasure is the chief aim of a considerable section of its floating as of its resident population, a *fête* given by the chief of the state, whoever he may happen to be, or any of the principal political personages, is not an ordinary event; on the present occasion an additional importance was attached to it. It was the first state ball given by the Emperor since his installation, and certain regulations which did not exist before were established, with the view, no doubt, of making the company as select as possible under the circumstances. It was resolved, with reference to foreigners generally, that the condition which is supposed to entitle reception into select society—that of previous presentation to their respective courts—should be enforced on the present occasion; and, with reference to English visitors, an intimation was made that presentation, and also an introduction to the ambassador, and if a lady to the ambassadress, would be indispensable. Whether a departure was permitted from this rule in the case of other strangers I know not, but I learn, from good authority, that it was not always pressed in the case of English strangers, and that the entire list of names sent in from the English Embassy was admitted without demur. There were besides a few English who could not, from press of time, be comprised in the ambassadorial list, but who were, nevertheless, gratified with cards. It is calculated that the list sent in from the English Embassy alone included not less than 220 names. But as there were many other foreign residents in Paris with equal claims to the attention of their respective ministers, and as the proportion of the former was very great, it was, I believe, intimated that the English list might be diminished if the number it contained was found relatively excessive. I understand that the remark of the Emperor, on that intimation, was complimentary to our countrymen; it is reported to have been that whatever the relative proportion, no name should be erased from the English list: that he had never forgotten, and would not forget, the hospitality he had received in England; and that he should see Englishmen under his roof with particular pleasure. That Louis Napoleon had expressed himself in terms similar to those mentioned was, at all events, currently stated last night in the saloons of the Tuileries. The form of invitation, too, was changed. The card for the ball of last night was in this form:—

Par ordre de l'Empereur, le Grand Chambellan a l'honneur de prévenir M. — qu'il est invité à passer la soirée au Palais des Tuileries, le Mercredi, 12 Janvier, à 9 heures. Duc de BASSANO.

On est prié de remettre cette carte en entrant.

Though the hour mentioned was nine o'clock, yet long before, carriages began to arrive at the court

of the palace. There were two sets of tickets—those of a rose color procured an entrance by the pavillon floor, and were set apart for the members of the diplomatic corps and the higher functionaries of state; and white tickets for the other persons, who had access by another entrance on the same side. The Emperor entered the state apartments precisely at nine o'clock, and proceeded to the throne room, where he received such persons as were specially presented to him by their respective ambassadors. About ten o'clock a general movement was observed in the saloons leading to the throne room, and soon the Emperor appeared, with Lady Cowley leaning on his arm, and followed by the ministers, the members of the diplomatic corps, the officers of the household, the great functionaries of state, and the ladies and gentlemen who had just been presented. Louis Napoleon was dressed in the uniform of a general officer, with the riband and star of the Legion of Honor. He wore shoes with small diamond buckles, and white silk stockings with diamond knee-buckles. The ministers, and several other public functionaries, were similarly habited. The Emperor looked well, and appeared in excellent spirits as he passed along between the rows of gorgeous uniforms and costly dresses of ladies, bowing to the right and left. He proceeded at the head of his brilliant *cortège* to the Salle des Maréchaux, where dancing at once commenced. The Emperor had for his partner the lady of the English ambassador. Arrivals continued almost without intermission till eleven o'clock, and soon the magnificent saloons of the palace were filled, yet not inconveniently so.

The saloons have been, since they were last filled on a public occasion, thoroughly repaired, and ornamented in the richest style. Nor has the Salle des Maréchaux—so termed from the full-length portraits of the most celebrated warriors of the imperial period—been left without additional decoration since the opening of the Chambers in the beginning of last year. The canopy under which the then President of the Republic sat has been removed, but the elevated gallery which went round the upper part of the lofty hall continues as before set apart for musicians. The throne room is, however, the most magnificent of all. Opposite the windows which look into the Carrousel, and close to the wall, rose a lofty dais, formed of the richest crimson velvet, deeply fringed with gold, with the cushions, side and back curtains of the same material, falling down in ample folds, and thickly studded with golden bees. Two beautiful columns wrought in gilt bronze stood at the sides, surmounted with helmets of the same metal, and high above all on the top of the canopy soared the eagle with outstretched wings. On the front of the canopy was the single cipher "N." A chair of state or throne, not, however, of large dimensions, and covered with rich velvet, with the imperial cipher in the centre, exactly under the top of the canopy, was raised a step or two from the floor; and immediately beneath, and forming a semicircle parallel to the raised floor on which the throne was placed, was ranged a number of stools or *tabourets*, covered with velvet and curiously carved in gilt wood. This room was hung with rich tapestry, corresponding in color to the canopy, and its panelled wainscot and cornices were richly carved and gilt. The floor was covered with a rich carpet, on which designs of flowers and fruits were glowingly wrought, and its texture was so soft and yielding that the lightest and most

delicate foot almost hesitated to tread on such exquisite workmanship. The lofty windows were hung with drapery of blue silk, and relieved the darker tone of the rest of the decorations. The two or three apartments into which this magnificent saloon opened were as gorgeously decorated, and as richly carpeted, but so as to present a pleasing variety. Chairs of consummate workmanship, tables of mosaic, and other articles of costly furniture were there. Opposite the windows, and covering a great portion of the wall, was a picture representing an historical event of the minority of Louis XIV. Nothing could be more strikingly beautiful than the *coup d'œil* of these noble apartments. The richly wrought fabrics that covered the floors, presenting the brightest dyes, the *toilette* of the ladies, seated as they were on both sides, the glitter of the varied uniforms (military and civil), the blaze of diamonds, and the flood of light from the massive lustres that hung from the stately roofs, produced an effect that is perfectly indescribable.

As the Emperor went to the ball room, from the Salle du Trône, he was preceded by the Duke de Bassano, Grand Chambellan, and the same functionary took the hat and sword from the Emperor when he opened the dance. In the intervals between the figures Louis Napoleon walked several times through the rooms with the Princess Mathilde leaning on his arm. He was generally accompanied or followed by Lord Cowley, with whom he conversed freely and frequently; and he also spoke to several of the English officers whom he recognized, and to some in a very complimentary manner. Indeed, his particular attention to many of the English guests was remarked more than once in the course of the evening.

I have said that the saloons were not overcrowded. There was quite a sufficient number to make the scene most animated, and to fill without encumbering. The *Corps Diplomatique* was, I believe, *au grand complet*. A competent authority has pronounced the *toilette* of the ladies to be most rich and tasteful, and the variety of costume and uniform of the men was pleasing. The scarlet uniform of the British army was frequently seen, as well as the dark hue of the Blues, and the still more sombre color of the Rifle Brigade. Officers of the line, and the half-military uniform of the deputy-lieutenants, or the militia, with the silver epaulettes or wings, were seen in various directions. Austrian Hussars, Danish cavalry, and Prussian infantry had their representatives there. Senators, prefects, sub-prefects, councillors of state, judges—in fact, every variety of dress, from the gorgeous and picturesque to the simplest and gravest, was to be seen. In one set of quadrilles a dozen scarlet uniforms might be seen, varied by the plain dress of the non-commissioned officer of the military school, whose worsted epaulettes and coarse tunic with, perchance, a stripe of lace of the same material, contrasted strongly with the gayer adornments of those who stood as his *vis-à-vis*. But not the least remarkable for the brilliancy of his dress was the Duke of Brunswick, the front of whose pelisse, as it depended from his left shoulder, was one blaze of diamonds. Prince Jérôme, the "Prince of the Mountain," the son of the ex-King of Westphalia, might too be seen, leaning on the tall mantel-piece and engaged in earnest conversation with, perhaps, some other ex-Montagnard, but on whom a new light has fallen; and the red riband that crossed his

ample chest and the star that glittered on it were sufficient proofs of the change that has come over him since he expressed his scorn of aristocratic distinctions. The venerable General Petit—whom rumor had killed some months ago—was also there, seated on a divan; and the feeble old man, still, no doubt, as strong in his fidelity to the triumphant cause as in its days of despair, when he received the *adieux* of Fontainebleau, was, independently of mere opinions, an object of respect to all. The Prince of the Danubian Provinces, with the portrait of the Sultan set in diamonds hanging at his neck, was also present. Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, who seems contented with the modest fame that science confers, moved amongst the crowd in the plainest costume of the *bourgeois*, as if the present master of that gorgeous palace was nowise of kin to him.

Dancing continued with spirit till near twelve o'clock. The Emperor had danced with Lady Cowley, the Princess Mathilde, and the Countess of Teba—the last, one of the most beautiful women in Spain. He then sat down, with the Grand Chamberlain standing or seated behind him, and looked on at others dancing, or walked about with a lady leaning on his arm. It is but fair to say that one of the most conspicuous for the vigor and energy of his dancing was Marshal Magnan, whose movements did not seem in the least encumbered by the weight of his new honors. At twelve o'clock the Emperor led the way to the supper room. The feast was laid out in the theatre of the palace, which was also richly decorated for the occasion. In order that the repast might be enjoyed with more ease, it had been arranged that the ladies should sup by themselves, and the men after. The Emperor was followed by a numerous *cortège* of ladies and gentlemen. When the folding doors which led from the long gallery to the vestibule, through which you pass to the theatre, were thrown open, nothing could exceed the brilliancy of the spectacle. Around the semi-circular apartment ran a buffet laden with refreshments. The number of tables laid out were forty; they were round, and each provided ample accommodation for fourteen persons. Meats of every kind and wines of every vintage were supplied in abundance. Besides the brilliant light which flowed down from the lustres which hung from the ceiling, three silver branches, with three or four lights each, were placed on each table. An elevated gallery ran round the hall, and two bands of music played the most select airs alternately during the whole time. The favorite air, *Partant pour la Syrie*, was always sure to be heard wherever Louis Napoleon made his appearance. It was remarked that the plate bore the initial "N." with the Imperial crown, while the napkins—at least many of them—had the letters "L. P." and the date "1847" marked on them. Supper was over at two o'clock, but more than an hour previously the Emperor returned to the Salle des Maréchaux with many of the ladies, and dancing was resumed with even more earnestness than before. At three o'clock the company began to thin, and before that time the Emperor had retired to his private apartments. But I believe dancing was still kept up till four o'clock.

It is generally admitted that the arrangements were in every respect admirable. The corners of the lateral streets, both in the Boulevards, the rue Neuve des Petits Champs, rue St. Honoré, and rue de Rivoli were kept unencumbered by the Mu-

nicipal Guard. Vehicles were prevented from crossing each other, and the carriages were not at all stopped, as the line was kept constantly moving. In the Court of the Tuileries several hundred carriages were kept waiting, drawn up in regular order, and there was neither difficulty nor loss of time in going to the palace or in leaving. The grand staircase was beautifully lighted and ornamented, and kept quite clear; and, in a word, the arrangements were so well made that no one had to pay the disagreeable tribute of fatigue or annoyance in those minor matters which often more than counterbalance the pleasure.

A VERY good comedian and estimable man, Mr. Bartley, bade farewell to the stage on Saturday, the 18th of December, at the Princess' Theatre, after acting *Falstaff*, in a speech admirable for its propriety and good taste, and for the unaffected manner of its delivery. The sentences we now quote will claim a corner in some future history of the theatres, to which, for so long a time, Mr. Bartley's jovial presence and hearty manner of acting (how effective was his General Damas in the *Lady of Lyons*!) contributed not the least good-humored of their attractions.—*Examiner*.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—This night, fifty years ago—this very night, the night of the week, and the date of the month—I had the honor to appear in London, and to make my bow before your sires and grand-sires. Believe me, it is something more than mere vanity that induces me, now that the long play is over, to offer one parting word to their children. The years behind me are very many—those before me are few indeed; and I quit the mimic scene to prepare, as is the common lot, for another—a more real and a final leave-taking. As I stand before you here, grateful for the kindest appreciation of the poorest services, it is impossible for me not to recall vividly the expectation and hope with which my boyish heart, half a century ago, beat when I first trod the London boards. The hope I entertain now is that, whatever may have been my imperfections as an artist, I have not thrown discredit upon my art. The expectation that I feel—not, I trust, an unwarrantable one—is, that I may at length retire into privacy with the good wishes of my latest, but certainly not my coldest and least indulgent, patrons.

A few years ago, ladies and gentlemen, soldiers were still living who could tell of their deeds when they were out in "the '45." I am one of an old company made up of names which sound traditional in your ears. John Bannister was my brother actor, Mrs. Jordan played Rosalind at old Drury when my youthful ambition was gratified to the top of its bent, and I was permitted to act the part of Orlando. I will not weary you by reference to other worthies, and I mention these two because, while to my latest hours it will be a source of the deepest pride to me that I have acted with some of the most renowned of English players, it is also my highest pleasure to feel that I was honored with their confidence and friendship to the last. That I have been so favored—that I have, furthermore, received here from Mr. and Mrs. Kean, at the close of my labors, tokens of personal regard and esteem to which I cannot be insensible—is matter of little moment to the public; but my fellow-players, whom, on retiring this night, I leave behind me, will, I am sure, value at its full worth the parting legacy which assures them that no position in a theatre is too humble to exclude a man from respect, if he will only persevere, take pains, and respect himself.

For the gracious and illustrious patronage which has cheered my declining days, and which sheds hap-

piness on this parting moment, I have only to present the offering of a most grateful and overflowing heart. At such a moment I may crave pardon for referring with pride to the royal countenance which has been bestowed upon my art, albeit through the medium of the very humblest of its votaries.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have no right to presume upon your indulgence by detaining you for another instant. I could not deny myself the satisfaction of saying "Good-by;" and, having said it, I have only further to thank you most heartily and sincerely for your kind remembrance of one whom you might easily have been pardoned for forgetting, and to wish you all happiness and prosperity. Farewell!

A first-rate Notice from *Tait's Magazine*.

Yr Ynys Unyg; or, the Lonely Island. A Narrative for Young People. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., Stationer's Hall Court; George Routledge and Co., Farringdon street. Newcastle-upon-Tyne: F. and W. Dodsworth. 1852.

It would puzzle the author of this singular narrative, we imagine, to inform us in what latitude the "Lonely Island" is to be found. The tale purports to be the history of a family group, consisting chiefly of ladies and children, who set forth in a well-victualled yacht in search of adventure on the ocean. They are driven by a storm to the island with the ugly name, where they are compelled to take up their abode, while the captain and crew, unloading the damaged yacht, proceed with her to a distant part to get her repaired. During the absence of the crew, the ladies and children lead a sort of Crusoe life in the desert island, where they run the risk of being devoured by a monster snake, who bolts their cow at a meal, but is fortunately killed before he has time to digest it. After the snake come a gang of pirates, who are kept at bay by the valor of the ladies and children. By and by the yacht returns in the hands of pirates, who have captured her, bringing back the captain and gamekeeper (!) who contrive to rejoin the ladies. The family party is at length besieged in their refuge on the top of a high rock; but the pirates, not being able to get at them, threaten to sweep the surface of the rock with the cannon of the yacht, lying some hundred feet below! However, just as they are all going to be blown to atoms by the cannon, a man-of-war's boat is heard rowing round the point, and the pirates are overpowered by British tars. A happy conclusion winds up the story. This volume is the joint production of an author who cannot write, of an artist who cannot draw, and of a printer who cannot print. The ladies talk slang, and are described as muttering "horrible imprecations" against their adversaries; they are vulgar in manners, and degraded in mind; at the same time they are described as pious and prayerful, and held up as religious examples to the young. The only respectable portion of the book is its binding, which is neat and substantial; all within the covers is rubbish of the first water.

From PUNCH.

"TO THE EDITOR OF NOTES AND QUERIES.

"Sir—Will you be pleased to inform the Members of our Reading Club, whether or not the Rev. Mr. Northcote, the miracle-monger, is a distant relation of the late Miss Joanna Southcote, who was formerly in the same line of business?

"Yours, in a state of wonder,

"IGNATIUS GULLIBLE BOLLEB."

From the Dublin University Magazine.

SONNETS ON THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

BY B. B. FELTUS.

For the transgression of a land many are the princes thereof;
but by a man of understanding and knowledge the state thereof
shall be prolonged.—PROVERBS xxviii. 2.

But Thy most awful instrument
In working out a pure intent
Is man, arrayed for mutual slaughter;
Yea 'carnage is thy daughter.
WORDSWORTH—"Thanksgiving Ode."

I.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, ON LEAVING SWEDEN, ADDRESSES
THE SENATE.

"Not for myself—not for myself, my friends,
I entered in this quarrel. 'Twas my aim
To admit a wife's and daughter's tender claim
To my repose. No natural love commends
War to my breast; I waged it for just ends
When duty called, and Sweden blessed my name
When peace, not wrung from weakness or from
shame,

But that fresh laurels with its olive blends,
Came near our hopes at last; Heaven wills not so.
Called by the voice of many states oppressed
By the League's plunder, and the Austrian's thrall,
It may be never to return, I go,
Leaving my Queen, and all our hopes hath blessed—
Christina to succeed me, if I fall."

II.

LANDS IN GERMANY.

"Almighty God!"—'twas thus Gustavus spoke,
Kneeling the first of twenty thousand Swedes
On German soil—"No thirst for conquest leads
Us here. Behind no subterfuge we cloak
Our aims. Again would Rome impose her yoke
On our freed souls. Brother to brother pleads
For aid; but what avail all mortal deeds
Without Thy aid—the aid we here invoke?"
Steadfast they rose. No soldier idly chats
To his comrade; but from rank to rank there ran,
From breast to breast, from kindling eye to eye,
A flame, might startle Ferdinand of Gratz,
In the Schonbrun, Wallenstein, a kinglier man
Might scare, as if a meteor crossed his sky.

III.

THE EMPEROR'S RUMINATIONS.

"What! Pomerania in his hands so soon!
All Saxony before him! Tilly far
From the scene of action! Wallenstein's proud
star
Lost in Bohemia! Yet another moon,
And France to the Lutheran's will her part attune;
And, 'gainst such odds, what force have I to bar
His way to Ulm? or, if he cross the Aar,
His march on Vienna?" Amid papers strewn
Confusedly in his cabinet, you may see
The Emperor's pale, quivering lips betray
These torturing thoughts. Erewhile, oft in his
mouth

The Swede went coupled with a *jeu d'esprit*—
"We'll never catch this snow-king," he would say—
"He'll melt before he reaches so far south."

IV.

TILLY'S MARCH UPON MAGDEBURG.

But Tilly saw the danger, and he took
His measures promptly. In appearance, still
He strikes and parries, his foes' hands to fill;
But secretly, his well-laid projects look
To Magdeburg. 'T was written in Fate's book
His plans should prosper. With unconquered
will,
Through wood and wild, o'er valley, stream and
hill,
A horde, unpaid, untaught restraint to brook,

He urged on—on, scarce halting day or night;
They walked, ran, limped, and if some lay down
faint,
They felt the outraged peasants' vengeance soon.
But see! the city bursts upon their sight,
Marked out for woes that language cannot paint,
By Cossack, Croat, Magyar, and Wallonian.

V.

KING OF SWEDEN DEFENDS HIS CONDUCT.

"But where's the King of Sweden?" Europe cries—
All Protestant Europe. Ah! what anguish burst
From his great soul, when to his ears came first
That sack's black tidings. But when questions rise
Of his high conduct, calmly he replies:—
"To march against a foe by Heaven accurst,
By man abhorred, I could not, if I durst,
When the enemy, to cut off my supplies,
Upon my rear lay quartered. In this strait,
I claimed from the Elector, in frank style
To hold Custrin and Spandan, 'till I'd chased
Those wolves from Magdeburg. I now forget
What frivolous excuse he framed. Meanwhile,
Time passed, I marched, but Fate outran my
haste."

VI.

SACK OF MAGDEBURG.

"General, 't is time to stop the sack," cries one
In the retinue of Count-Tilly. "No, my friend,
Our soldiers would not gladly so soon end
Their pastime. Many a comrade fell upon
Those trenches." Thus replying, he looked on
At rape and butchery, and heard shrieks would
rend
His heart, if 't were not stone. But he could
spend
An hour in such a scene, as if joy shone
On all around him. He was a small man,
Meagre and thin; his cheeks like yellow leaves;
But over them was spread a forehead graved
With anxious thought. His eyes were trained to
scan
Far objects. A green doublet, with slashed sleeves,
He wore, and one tall feather o'er him waved.

VII.

MAGDEBURG BEFORE THE SIEGE.

Short time ago, and as he passes through
Throated thoroughfares, full warehouses, rich
shops,
The booted traveller reins his steed, and stops
To gaze on all they show. Here, two by two,
On high days, all the trades, in doublets new,
Each with its badge, marched by, while belfry-
tops
Shook with their chimes. Here, reared on mas-
sive props,
Pillared and arched, to just proportion true,
Bulwark of freedom! rose the stately halls
Of audience, council-chambers, courts of law,
Where native genius, taught by her own light,
Grouped her creations. On those smouldering
walls
The old cathedral struck the mind with awe—
There Luther's Column marked a century's flight.

VIII.

THE SAME AFTER.

What see you now? Great God! the very stones
Are smeared with gore; the dead are all you
meet,
Save dogs that lap the puddle of the street,
Warm human blood! and mumble human bones!
Anon, come on the ear the feeble groans
Of some poor lingering wretch! The eye to greet
Promiscuously are scattered—heads, arms, feet,
And forms of death that Nature's voice disowns!

O'erhead, a cloud of pestilence and smoke
 Almost excludes the light; the putrid air
 Sickens the sense; the flames reduce their prey
 To ashes; but those ashes cannot soak
 The blood of thirty thousand butchered there—
 "Butchered to make a Roman holiday!"

IX.

THE BATTLE OF LEIPZIG.

'T is sunrise in September. Hark! the boom
 Of the League's cannon. "On! my own true
 Swedes—
 And if your valor such incentive needs,
 Think of the wolves that wrought the bloody doom
 Of Magdeburg." High waves the eagle plume
 Of Sweden's king, amid the rush of steeds
 Flashes his sword. On! valiant hearts! he leads
 Who knows the way to glory. To a room—
 It was a grave-digger's, where cross and bones
 Most ominously hung—a wounded man
 Was borne upon a litter; far and wide
 'T is rout and ruin; mixed with a few groans,
 He faltered forth, "I've felt as if God's ban
 Was on my soul to-day"—thus Tilley died!!

X.

RICHELIEU DISCLOSES HIS THOUGHTS TO FATHER JOSEPH.

"By our Lady, Father Joseph, 't is not well
 This Swedish bravo should make havoc thus
 Of half our creed—he'll show his teeth at us
 Ere long. What if our heretics rebel?
 A thing has happened; how their flight would swell
 His rank and file. When minus becomes plus
 'T is time to change relations, and discuss
 New measures and new men. If we would fell
 This oak, we'll work with the invisible strokes
 Of policy; supply Bavaria's king
 Through Spanish channels; mould the coming shock
 Of Wallenstein's fury; with a raven's croaks
 Appal the Saxon. Thou the leading-string
 Of all, meek pilgrim, in thy friar's frock!"

XI.

THE EMPEROR SOLICITS WALLENSTEIN TO RESUME THE COMMAND.

Courier on courier—from the Danube's bank
 To Zsmain there's naught but hurrying to and
 fro.
 Proud man! these courtiers wait on you, and go
 Back to the emperor scouted; he hath drank
 Humiliation to the dregs, and sank
 To be his subject's subject. "There will flow
 From private life, at least, no second blow
 To crush me to the earth. Return, and thank
 The emperor in my name. It is his way,
 In danger's hour, to fawn upon the man
 He knows can save him; when the storm blows by,
 Dismissal and contempt the debt repay—
 Thus was I treated. 'T is my present plan
 For a better recompense to live and die."

XII.

WALLENSTEIN MARCHES TO BLOCKADE NUREMBERG.

On, Wallenstein—roll on the deafening din
 Of war wide-wasting; for thy cannon's wheel
 Snatch from the plough its team, their scanty
 meal
 From trembling peasants. If Bavaria win
 Thy tardy aid, her master has a sin*
 Still unatoned for; and he soon shall feel
 What private hate, making the common weal
 Its pretext, can inflict. Meantime, within

* The king of Bavaria was a principal agent in constraining the Emperor to dismiss Wallenstein from his first command.

The walls of Nuremburg the king secures
 His faithful Swedes; the citizen, with joy,
 Cries, "God save good Gustavus! our last loaf
 We'll share with him." Outside, the foe en-
 dures
 Like famine. Who starves longest will destroy
 The other; but such warfare soon tires both.

XIII.

BOTH ARMIES BREAK OFF.

On, on! ye rival hosts—all Europe's eyes
 Expect the issue. Here two chiefs are met
 That never knew defeat—both equal yet,
 But still how different. One—brave, good, and wise;
 The other, who can paint—what wing can rise
 High as his thoughts—what plummet bottom get
 In that dark soul?—a midnight black as jet,
 Flared up with lightning. On! a sumless prize
 Is cast between you; both the foremost men
 Of the age ye live in—both ordained to live
 Forever. One may teach what steady light
 That man receives, who works by sword or pen,
 From the Word of God; the other, too, might give
 A warning, if weak men could read aright.

XIV.

BATTLE OF LUTZEN—VIEW IN THE BEGINNING.

The high road parts both armies. Wallenstein,
 'Ere dawn, had planted it with musqueteers
 And cannon. The fog's thick, but as it clears,
 A hymn well chanted, a sweet native strain,
 The Swedes pour forth—then charge, opposed in vain
 By trench and fire; regiment to regiment cheers,
 "Brave Upland, Smaland, Finland, cross the
 spears
 Of these skirmishers with your bayonets." Ha! again
 The enemy reels—the cannon's taken. Lightnings
 flash
 From Wallenstein's eye—himself's already there.
 "Ho! Tersky—Ilo, charge with trampling steeds
 Their flank. All cowards infamy shall lash
 Upon the recreant backs they turn—who'll spare
 His life, or doubt the event, where Wallenstein
 leads?"

XV.

SAME, AT A MORE ADVANCED PERIOD.

"Sire, the left wing is driven across the road,
 The batteries are retaken." This ill news
 O'ertakes the king on the right, as he pursues
 The flying Croats. No alarm he showed—
 A few quick sentences on Horn bestowed;
 "Regiment of Steinbock, it is thou I choose
 For escort. See! our brothers yonder lose
 Some ground. Away, my charger, thou'rt bestrode
 By one must prove thy mettle." In a trice
 He's at the post of danger; with a cheer
 Rallies the broken—all resources tries.
 "Yon's no mean trooper—let thy aim be nice,"
 Says a gefreyter* to a musqueteer.
 "The king's struck!" through the ranks, soul-
 harrowing flies.

XVI.

DEATH OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

"Brother, we'll take a circuit to the right,
 This bleeding arm I wish not to be seen—
 The sight disheartens." He thus called had
 been
 An imperialist; deserted on some slight,
 And changed religions—changed again, to plight
 Twice-broken faith to other colors—seen
 So often false, what he this day did mean
 Is a vexed question; but suspicion's blight

* A gefreyter with the Imperialists held a rank similar to that of a corporal in our army.

Cleaves to Saxe-Lauenburg. As on they passed
At a quick gallop, Lauenburg behind,
The king fell, shot. His charger backward flew
To the Swedes, revealing what their fears fore-
cast ;
They broke their ranks, by no command confined,
And round his corpse a murderous conflict grew.

XVII.

CONCLUSION OF THE BATTLE.

"Who cares for life when Sweden's sun is set?
Our glory is departed; we live now
Only for vengeance!" Thus the Swedes avow
Despair and desperation. With cheeks wet
With tears they charge. How could such charge be
met
By serfs and hirelings? But behold! the brow
Of Wallenstein brightens. Pappenheim's troopers
bow
O'er outstretched necks, o'er clattering hoofs that
threat
The ear, ere seen. But see! as on they come,
A hedge of pikes starts up. They cannot shake
That serried mass, to all impressions numb
As adamant, that to no odds will yield;
All's carnage—quarter neither give nor take.
At length night falls, and both, defiant, quit the
field.

XVIII.

MOURNING AT WEISSENFELLS.

Enough for rage—enough's for vengeance done:
Grief now must claim its own. Around a bier
Grim warriors weep o'er all their hearts hold
dear—
Weep o'er that form their swords from outrage won,
Mid heaps of slain. All now beneath the sun
Indifferent to them. But soon draws near
Another mourner, to which these appear
But passing shadows. Speaking not, that none,
In turn, vain words might offer; wrapt in weeds,
Pale, but revealing such a depth of love
As earth hath now no object left to fill,
Eleonora, for the last time, feeds
That grief an angel soon will soothe above,
On what lies there pale, silent, cold, and still!

XIX.

PAPPENHEIM.

On Pappenheim's forehead Nature's hand had drawn
Two sanguine strokes. A soldier from his choice,
War was his element—his eye, his voice,
And those two sanguine strokes, marked out from its
dawn
A mind congenial to those scenes where yawn
Flames and convulsions. Oft did he rejoice
To lead the hope forlorn, the first to hoise
His flag upon the ramparts. Though to fawn
On princes he disdained, in faith firm-set,
He deemed Heaven served by all the blood he
spilled.
From Spain the order of the Golden Fleece
Had almost reached him, when his death-blow
met
Him first at Lutzen. "Since the Swede is killed,
The Catholic's foe," he gasped, "I die in peace!"

XX.

OXENSTIERN.

Alas! that spirit is no more that swayed
All councils, bent all wills, and swayed all minds.
One hangs aloof, or one a leader finds
That serves mere personal ends. To be obeyed
By princes, who sit down beneath the shade
Of a great fame and will that bends and binds
All others to itself, amid mankind's
Events, has not been oftentimes displayed.

Such was the lot of great Gustavus—such
Of few besides by moral strength made strong.
Another great example we discern
In a poor noble—poor, though charged with
much.
This man, in peace and war prime mover long.
Was Sweden's Chancellor, Oxenstiern.

XXI.

DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

Night falls in Egra; in its castle hall
The few friends left to that still towering man,
Great, though so fallen! marked out for death,
outran
In revel their few sands. He, far from all,
No voices hears, save one—the still, the small,
That whispers, "Thou'rt a traitor." He would
scan
The heavens, and soon with Seni* he began
From this remorseful spirit to disenthral
His thoughts, when the old man croaked—"The Fates
that spin
Your destiny turn pale; a cloud appears
On your natal star." "My friend, 'twill soon be
sped."
Another hour! and crash! the door falls in.
Rush on the breast he shows two halberdiers!
'T was thus from him his soul indignant fled

XXII.

BERNARD, DUKE OF SAXE WEIMAR.

"Courage, Father Joseph, Breysach will be ours—
Saxe Weimar is no more." "Your eminence,"
Replied the Capuchin softly, "may dispense
With Protestant allies now." Amid the flowers
That memory strews before our vacant hours,
None raise the feelings to a livelier sense
Of valor never backward in defence
Of injured right—of love that owns no powers
Save the heart's dictates—than thy stirring tale,
O Bernard, early-lost and long-deplored!
The Cardinal urged him to a marriage suit—
"My niece is worth a duchy." "All would fail,"
Said he, "though lord of nothing but my sword,
To reconcile me to your stolen fruit."

XXIII.

THE SWEDISH GENERALS.

How many glorious stars have left the field
Of view, and still war thunders on. The eye
That saw Gustavus soon will satisfy
Its gaze on men who only stand revealed
When he is gone. Yet they were taught to wield
Their arms in a school that genius could supply
From imitation. Planets in the sky
Of memory, a reflected light they yield.
Amongst this group Kniphausen may be named;
Brave Horn, Falkenberg, Tott, Bandissen,
Wrangel, who last of all these leaders shone;
Banner, whose follies oft his glory shamed:
Greatest of all, the rival of Turenne,
Gustavus' pupil, Bernard Tortensohn.

XXIV.

THE PEACE OF WESTPHALIA.

Thirty long years of war, and ruin spread
O'er hamlet, town, and field! But worse—far
worse!
By moral blight, by killing, withering curse
Of foul misdeeds in lawless license bred,
The sanctities of faith, the marriage bed
Polluted and profaned! Time, gentle nurse,
Heals Nature's wounds; but can it reimburse
The losses of the heart—revive the dead—

* Seni was the name of the astrologer to whose skill in the "occult science" Wallenstein so much trusted.

Recall to pristine health, truth, charity,
And stainless love? At length war's thunders
cease :

The sword now yields precedence to the pen,
That leaving much the argument to be *
Of future broils, builds up Westphalia's peace,
And Germany's crushed spirit breathes again.

XXV.

CONCLUSION.

Thus musing on some features of the past
That still irradiate that exhaustless mine
Of human aims and passions, I combine
The scattered fragments, and the whole recast
Into one picture—there connect, contrast,
Compare them with each other, and assign
Due place to all, till harmony divine
Breaks on the patient, mental eye at last.
What's the great moral that the sum conveys?
Alas! all times have told it oft in vain:
*Build not for glory—if thou dost, essay
No work unhallowed.* Prefer not man's praise
To the smiles of Heaven—much less, thy hands dis-
tain
With guilt that tears will never wash away.*

From Chambers' Journal.

CONSTANCY IN INCONSTANCY:

A YOUNG MAN'S CONFESSION.

SHE hath a large still heart, this lady of mine—
(Not mine, if faith! though fools might deem she were):
She walks the world like some old Grecian nymph,
Pure with a marble pureness; moving on
Through the foul herd of men, environed
With native airs of deep Olympian calm.
I have a great love for this lady of mine:
I like to watch her motions, trick of face,
And turn of thought, when she speaks high and wise,
The tongue of gods, not men. Ay, every day,
And twenty times, I start to catch
Some tone, geste, look, of sweet familiar mould;
And then my panting soul leans forth to her,
Like some sick traveller who, astonished, sees
Slow-moving o'er the distant twilight fields—
The lovely, lost, beloved memory-fields!—
Pale, ghostly people of an earlier world.

I have a friend—how dearly liked, heart-warm,
Did I confess, sure she and all would smile!
I mark her as she steals in some dull room
That brightens at her presence, slow lets fall
A word or two of wise simplicity,
Then goes, and at her going all seems dark.
Little she knows this! little thinks each face
Lightens, each heart grows purer 'neath her eyes;
Good, honest eyes—clear, upward, righteous eyes,
That look as though they saw the unseen heavens,
And drew from thence their pity and their calm.
Why do I precious hold this friend of mine?
Why, in our talks—our quiet, fireside talks,
When we, like earnest travellers through the dark,
Grasp at the threads that guide to the other world—
Seems it a spirit not her own looks out
From these her eyes? until I pause, and quake,
And my heart groans as when some innocent hand
Touches the barb hid in a long-healed wound.
Yet still no blame, but thanks to thee, dear friend;

* Amongst the omissions of the Treaty of Westphalia may be cited two, from which the "seeds of discontent rapidly germinated." "The relative proportions of taxation, not only in regard to each state, but to the different social classes of each, was one. Another was the regulation of the Diets of Deputation."—See Dunham's His. Ger. Em., Cabinet Cyclopaedia, vol. iii., p. 229.

Ay, even when we homeward walk at eve,
Thy careless hand loose linked beneath my arm—
The same height as I gaze down—nay, the hair
Of a like color, fluttering 'neath the stars—
The same large stars which lit that earlier world!

I have another love—a gentle love,
Whose dewy looks are fresh with life's young dawn;
God keep it to its setting! I foretell
That streak of light now quivering on the hills,
And edging the dusk vale where mute I watch,
Will broaden out into a glorious day.
Thou sweet one, standing where life's cross-tides meet,
And dipping into both thy timid hand,
Wise as a woman, harmless as a child—
I love thee well!—And yet not thee—not thee,
God knoweth. They know, who sit among the stars.
As one, whose sun was darkened before noon,
Creeps slow and silent through the twilight land,
Snatches at glow-worm rays and tapers pale
Of an hour's burning, lifts them to his breast,
Saying: "Thank God!" yet never calls them day—
So love I these, and more. Yet thou, my Sun,
That leaped unto thy zenith, sat there throned,
And the whole earth was day—Oh, look thou down
From thy veiled seat, and know how dark I kneel!
How all these lesser lights but come and go,
Poor mocking types of thee! Be it so. I keep
My soul's face to the eastward, where thou stand'st—
I know thou stand'st—behind the purpling hills;
And I shall wake and find morn in the world.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE TORRENT OF ARABIA.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL. D.

The mountains of Arabia contain numerous springs, which, fed by the yearly rains, send streams of water through the valleys that descend towards the low country. Most of them, however, are lost in the sand as soon as they enter the plain. It may be well to add, that an Arabian tent is, in general, black, and that Ahkaf is the name of an extensive desert.

ALL foaming down its native hills
The torrent of Arabia leaps,
When showers have swelled its fountain rills
Far up the blue and airy steeps;
Like some chafed steed that spurns the rein,
In raging fulness swift and free,
It rushes to the fiery plain,
Bounding to reach the distant sea.

And now those deep cool waters glide
Along the green and narrow vale,
Where broad trees arch the crystal tide,
And fragrance breathes in every gale;
The dusky tent and flowery slope
Lie mirrored in that wave at first,
And there the timid antelope
Oft stoops to quench her noonday thirst.

But, ere the wide and wild expanse
Of Ahkaf's burning sand is crossed,
That stream, so full and foaming once,
Sinks on its rough way spent and lost;
Lost in its sultry wanderings,
And hushed in an eternal sleep,
It wastes unseen, and never brings
One tribute to the mighty deep.

Weak as that torrent's failing wave
Art thou who, born for Heaven and Truth,
Hast lived a false world's meanest slave,
Shaming a blest and glorious youth;
Who, vowed in life's first happiest day
To generous faith and deeds of worth,
Hast fainted on thy heavenward way,
Pressed by the vain low cares of Earth.

From Household Words.

RATIONAL SCHOOLS.

It is but a stone's throw from the High Court of Chancery—High, as we say also of venison or pheasant, when it gets into very bad odor—to the London Mechanics' Institute in Southampton Buildings. After a ramble among lawyers in their wigs and gowns, and a good choke in the thick atmosphere of Chancery itself, we stepped in at once, one day not long ago, among a multitude of children in pinafores and jackets. There they were, one or two hundred strong, taking their time from a teacher, clapping their hands and singing, "Winter is coming," and a great many more songs. They suggested much better ideas of harmony than the argument of our learned brother, whom we had left speaking on the question, whether money bequeathed to be distributed in equal shares to John and Mary Wilson and James Brown—John and Mary being man and wife—was to be divided into two parts or into three.

The children, when we went among them, were just passing from one class into another, and met in the great lecture room to sing together while they were about it. Some filed in, and some filed out; some were on the floor, some in the gallery; all seemed to be happy enough, except one urchin at the extreme corner of a gallery. He displayed an open copy-book before him to the public gaze, by way of penance for transgressions in the writing lesson, but he looked by no means hopelessly dejected.

There are three hundred and fifty children in attendance on this school, which is conducted by five teachers. It is one of the Birkbeck Schools, several of which are now established in and about London for the children of parents who can pay sixpence a week for schooling. The children here, we were informed, are classed in the first instance according to their ages in three divisions, the first taking in those under eight years old; the second, those between eight and eleven; the third, children older than eleven. These form, in fact, three ages of youth. It is found most convenient to teach children classed upon this principle, and to keep the elder and the younger boys from mutual action on each other, because it would be impossible to provide for such a school so many teachers as could exercise very minute supervision. In each of these three divisions, the children are subdivided for the purpose of instruction into two classes—the quick and the slow—which receive lessons suited to their respective capacities. It is obvious that, without punishment, five teachers could not preserve discipline among three hundred and fifty boys; and therefore, though it is but seldom used, a cane is kept on the establishment.

The children having clapped and sung together, sang their way out of the great room, in file, while others began streaming in. We were invited to an Object Lesson, and marched off (not venturing to sing our way into a class room), where we took our seat among the pupils, whose age varied between eight years and eleven. The teacher was before us. We were all attention. "Hands down." We did it. "Hands on knees." Beautifully simultaneous. Very good. The lesson began.

"I have something in my pocket," said our teacher, "which I am always glad to have there." We were old enough and worldly enough to know what he meant; but boys aspire to fill their pockets with so many things that, according to their

minds, the something in the teacher's pocket might be string, apple, knife, brass button, top, hardbake, stick of firewood for boat, crumbs, squirt, gunpowder, marbles, slate pencil, pea-shooter, bradawl, or perhaps small cannon. They attempted no rash guess therefore at that stage of the problem. "Boys, also," our teacher continued, "like to have it, though when it gets into a boy's pocket, I believe that it is often said to burn a hole there." Instantly twenty outstretched hands indicated an idea demanding utterance in twenty heads. "If you please, sir, I know what it is." "What is it?" "A piece of coal."

You draw your reasoning, my boy, from a part only of the information given to you, founding your view of things on the last words that sounded in your ears. We laughed at you, cheerfully; but when we see the same thing done in the world daily by your elders, we do not always find it laughing matter.

"This little thing in my pocket," the teacher continued, "has not much power by itself, but when many of the same kind come together, they can do great deeds. A number of them have assembled lately to build handsome monuments to a great man, whose name you all ought to know, who made the penny loaf bigger than it used to be—do you know what great man that was?" Minds were out, answers were ready, but they ran pretty exclusively in favor of Prince Albert and the Duke of Wellington. "I am sure," says the teacher, "you must have heard who made all the loaves larger without altering their price, think again—who was it?" A confident voice hazarded the suggestion that it was "Guy Fawkes," and half-a-dozen voices cried "Guy Fawkes." There are always some to follow the absurdest lead, if it be taken confidently, in the great as in the little world.

"Guy Fawkes! nonsense, do you mean him to be carried about in your heads all through November and December?" More inquiry at length elicited, after a little uncertain hovering about Louis Napoleon, the decisive opinion that the man who made bread cheap was Sir Robert Peel. "If you please, sir," said an argumentative little fellow, "he did not make the penny loaf bigger." "Why not?" "He did not make the loaf: he made the baker make it." The difficulty thus started having been properly gone into and further statement of the riddle having been given, it was at length fairly guessed that the teacher's object upon which he meant to talk with us that day was a Penny.

We ascertained that it was round, that it was hard, that it was brown, that it was heavy—by which we meant, as some of us explained, that it was heavier than the same quantity of water—that it was stamped on both sides, and so forth; also that it was made of copper. Pence being next regarded purely in the light of coppers, the name of the metal, "Copper," was written at the top of a black board, and a line was drawn, along which we were to place a regiment of qualities. We began easily by asserting copper to be hard; and showed our penetration by discovering that, since a penny would not do for framing as a spy-glass, it must be opaque. Spell opaque? O dear, yes! twenty hands were out; but we were not all so wise as we imagined. No matter; there are folks of bigger size elsewhere who undertake what they are not able to do. O-p-a-k-e ought to be right; but, like not a few things of which we could argue that they must be right, it happened to be wrong, and so what was the use of talking. We heard a

little boy in the corner whispering the truth, afraid as yet to utter it too boldly. It was not the only truth that has appeared first in a whisper. Yet, as truth is great and shall prevail, it was but fit that we all finally determined upon o-p-a-q-u-e; and so we did; and we all uttered those letters from all corners of the room with the more perfect confidence as they grew, by each repetition, more familiar to our minds.

A young student in a pinafore, eight years old and short for his age, square and solid, who had been sitting on the front row, nearly opposite the teacher, was upon his legs. He had advanced one or two steps on the floor holding out his hand; he had thought of another quality, and waited to catch Mr. Speaker's eye. But our eyes wandered among the outstretched hands, and other lips cried, "It is malleable;" so malleable was written on the board. It was not the word that still lurked in the mind of Master Square, who in a solid mood kept his position in advance, ready to put forth his suggestion at the earliest opportunity. What malleable meant, was the question over which we were now called upon to hammer, but we soon beat the answer out among ourselves; and then we spelt the word, and malleability into the bargain. Master Square uplifted his hand the moment we had finished; but there rose other hands again, and the young philosopher, biding his time in sturdy silence, listened through the discussion raised as to whether or not copper might be called odorous. This debate over, Square was again ready—but an eager little fellow cried that copper is tenacious, upon which there was a new quality submitted to our notice, which we must discuss, explain, and of which the name had to be spelt. But Master Square's idea had not yet been forestalled, and he, like copper, ranked tenacity among his qualities. At length he caught Mr. Chairman's eye, and said with a small voice, "Please, sir, I know a quality." "And what is that?" the teacher asked. Little Square replied, as he resumed his seat, "It's INORGANIC."

Here was a bombshell of a word thrown among us by this little fellow, but we did not flinch. Inorganic of course meant "got no organs," and we all knew what an organ was, and what a function was, and what were the grand marks of distinction between living and dead matter, and between animal and vegetable life. So we went on, with a little information about mining, and display of copper ore; a talk about pyrites, and such matters. Three quarters of an hour had slipped away. The lessons ended, and there was another rearrangement of the classes.

There were copy-books to look at in the central lecture-room, to which we then returned; in some of which "Friends, Romans, Countrymen," and other trifles from the poets, seemed to have been copied from dictation. Around large maps, were little classes, each with a young monitor in the middle, demonstrating geography, and questioning with tongue and finger. We joined one group, but the small teacher faltered, and was uneasy in the presence of so tall a pupil; we passed to another group, and found another monitor who clearly liked to be observed, and put on the important tone of an instructor—not at all roughly, for he had no rough example in his eye—but with an amusing mimicry of ways and tones used by his elders.

While we had been watching the fingers of this young gentleman, as they pointed out on a

map some of the ways of the world, the classes had been formed again, and we were presently invited to attend another lesson. We had, this time, another teacher, and joined pupils more advanced in years; the youngest were old fellows of eleven.

"If you buy a loaf, what do you give for it?" "Money." "What is money?"—From this point we are carried through a series of questions of the social relations that exist in civilized communities. The boys readily defined and explained such terms as wealth, capital, wages, labor: showed by a train of reasoning their perfect comprehension of the principle that governs our common divisions of labor, and the relative rewards of toil. They went over old ground, but it was quite evident that they had not got their answer stereotyped, for half-a-dozen answers came to every question; all of them showing that the right idea was in the speaker's mind, though the boys differed in their methods of expression. With the exception of one boy, evidently oppressed by the languor of ill-health, there was not an inattentive pupil in this class. All went heartily at the business in hand, and there was no mistaking the real interest they felt in the discussion through which they were led. A little fellow with light flaxen hair, one of the youngest in the class, was quite a luminary upon all points that were mooted. He made for himself a cushion of his knuckles, and he sat so on the backs of his hands, with his small legs reaching only half way to the ground, his quick eyes bent on the teacher, and his face gladdened with a smile of intelligent pleasure in the train of reasoning that he had evidently mastered. Where others hesitated, he answered boldly and correctly; where others knew their ground, he answered with them in his own way, but in an under voice, for the mere pleasure of working out the subject. He sat, and swung his legs, and smiled, and spake with most complete independence. There was not a question that he did not answer, and there was not one of his answers that was not clearly and correctly given. It was a touch of the very pleasantest comedy, when this imperturbable young philosopher got the class over a difficult case, by suggesting the line of conduct which a capitalist would probably pursue in given circumstances. A young man with his business head—he is eleven years old—and his knowledge of the laws that regulate prices and other matters in the country, ought to be in Parliament. There are men there (and perhaps in the cabinet), very much behind him in point of knowledge and acuteness on such topics. If he were put upon the table of the House, so that honorable members could see him—for his legs are very short—we are quite sure that his speeches would be shorter than his legs; but we are quite sure also that there are in the said House fifty or sixty gentlemen who might be wiser for accepting the instruction he would give them.

What must be the practical effect of teaching the facts that concern social welfare to such children, let a scrap or two out of their present lesson testify. "What are wages?" Answers vary in form: "The reward of labor." "Capital employed to purchase labor," and so forth. "When you become men, and work, and receive wages, will you all receive the same amount of money for your labor?"—"No, very different."—"Why different?"—"The price paid for labor will depend among other things upon the value of it, and that

differs in different people."—"How?"—"Some are more skilful than others."—"Why so?"—"Because they have spent more time and pains, and perhaps money, to become able to do something; and they must be paid more for the more that they have spent."—"Then the rate of wages that a man can earn in any business will depend upon his skill?"—"Yes, and on other things; men must be industrious. If two men are equally skilful, and one is more industrious than another, the one that is more industrious will give more valuable labor, and the price obtained by labor depends on the value of it."—"The rate of wages depends then on the skill and industry of the laborer. On anything else?"—"Yes, he must be sober. He may be very skilful and work hard, but he may get drunk and be unable to turn his skill and industry to full account. If he does that, he lessens his own value."—"The best wages then go to the man who is skilful, industrious, and sober; are any other qualities concerned in the contract between employer and employed?" A young sanitary reformer shouted that "He must be clean;" but it was then argued that there are trades in which no workman can be clean, and the necessity of cleanliness was therefore struck out of the list. "He must be honest," said the little statesman. "If he is skilful, industrious, and sober, without being trust-worthy, his value to the employer is destroyed." Honesty was, therefore, added to the list. "He may be skilful, industrious, sober, and honest, yet, if he be nothing more," said the teacher, "there is a workman who may beat him yet."—"Yes," half-a-dozen cried, "he must be punctual. If he is not punctual he is of less value than a man who is skilful, industrious, sober, honest, and punctual as well." Having laid down these principles, the boys proceeded to reason that the man with two good qualities was better off in prospects than the man with one; and so on, up to the man with all five recommendations, whose prospect of wages would then be great, in proportion to the intensity of each.

The relations between capital and population, competition and the rise and fall of wages, were discussed in the same familiar way. Throughout the lesson, it was evident that the boys were becoming grounded in the truths that regulate the life before them, and that they knew it. They were learning how they must work, and why they must work. They were taught at what points human sympathy should step in, and does very commonly step in, to smooth the business intercourse existing between man and man; how, when a man droops in sickness, or a laborer becomes infirm, stronger hands commonly are prompt to do a neighbor's work; forbearing to deprive him of the hire on which his bread depends. They learnt in what cases forbearance should be expected, but they learnt also that even in such cases it is sometimes absent; that they must be prepared to do their duty of forbearance towards others, as the best foundation for a claim upon forbearance when they need it for themselves. Fluctuations of wages that depend on natural causes they were taught to understand and to accept as necessary facts, when they might hereafter occur within their own experience. And thus in fact these boys were learning what work means, were trained to help themselves, and rescued from the unhappy crowd that yet for many years to come will act to its own hurt under the guidance of pot-house orators and pot-house prints. The little blaxen-headed statesman who dropped from his form when the lesson was over, and fell

into the file for marching out, standing in his shoes one or two heads shorter than the boy before him, will, with Heaven's leave, grow up to be a workman skilful, industrious, sober, honest, and punctual. We pictured him to ourselves as he will be hereafter, with a square bald head, sitting beside the neatest of wives, and arguing with his eldest son the question, how he shall dispose of certain capital into which a portion of his wages shall have been by that time converted. It is too much to hope that he will ever be Prime Minister.

It had struck one o'clock, and when we came again into the central lecture-room, we found the children there assembled for the enjoyment of thirty minutes' rest to their minds, and preparing to get through a little labor with their teeth. Pocket-dinners were produced and eaten. How dear is the savor of a stew on Saturday! how like a gale of Eden is the breath of osmazone from the hot joint of Sunday, to the child who has been digesting the cold lumpiness of pocket-dinners for every one of the first five days of the week! We took leave of the young faces, and at the door of the London Mechanics' Institution we found puddles under foot, and a smoke-colored rain descending.

No weather could damp our curiosity to hear a little more of this kind of instruction. Snatches of it that we had heard, such as the following, amused and interested us, and at the same time still piqued our curiosity.

Teacher to Pupil—How many appetites a day have you? Pupil answers that he has four appetites; that he likes breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper. How many does that make in a year? the teacher next inquires. Three hundred and sixty-five times four, which, being worked out on a slab, is found to make a total for each person of one thousand four hundred and sixty appetites a year. The teacher then wishes to know how many harvests there are in the year, and is of course told that there is "only one." Only one harvest for us all, when each one of us has fourteen hundred and sixty appetites. How can we all be fed? The child begins to think, and answers that the corn is not all eaten at once, that it is saved, and so the lesson travels into the wide fields of social economy.

Not very long after our visit to the Birkbeck School in Southampton Buildings, we paid an afternoon visit to another school, established on a plan somewhat similar, in Holborn. An evening lesson was to be given by a gentleman who has for some time devoted all the leisure of an active life to education of the kind we have described. It was the gentleman by whom, indeed, the Birkbeck schools were founded, and by whose suggestions social science was included, in the list of subjects taught. We joined, on this latter occasion, a mixed class of boys and girls, enjoying the mental discipline provided by an enthusiastic and accomplished teacher. The children had all written on their slates the subject of the lesson, that "not the money wages, but the amount of commodities that money wages could procure, ought to engage the attention of the person by whom wages are received." After defining, in reply to questions, general terms, and thoroughly making up their minds that a shilling, when it would buy four loaves and other food in like proportion, was really higher wages to the workman than eighteen pence would be if eighteen pence would only buy three loaves, a part of the lesson ran somewhat in the following way:—

If the value of gold should be lowered by the

importations from Australia—"Then," said a brisk girl in a green netted polka jacket, "there could be so much food bought with a sovereign. Real wages would be lowered." A stout and tall boy, with a heavy, well-formed head, and with a wide interval between the top of his half-boots and the bottom of his trousers, was of opinion that in such a case "the workmen would want more wages." "Could they be had by wanting?" "Well, they would be wanted. But the change must be gradual. The proportion between capital and wages never alters suddenly." "But when the workmen wanted wages, would it be enough to want? Who wants wages most?" "The man who can't get them," cried a small voice. "A drunken man, does he want wages as much as a good workman?" A shrewd little girl suggested that "He wanted more." "Then wanting wages does not constitute a right?" "Yes, but—" said the stout boy, true to his point, which was no stupid one—"if the value of gold falls, the workman has a right to higher money wages." "But if the proportion between capital and labor should not allow a rise; if there should be a hundred laborers and only a hundred pounds to pay among them, could more be paid than a pound to each; or would the average wages be higher if four pounds apiece were paid to five and twenty?" "No, sir," replied green polka, "the average would be the same." "Then," suggested the stout boy, arguing in a fair train, "the amount of labor should be lessened. Some of the workmen ought to emigrate, and make more room." "Room do you want, is that all? Let us see." A pale-faced little fellow, looking with big eyes into the argument before him, who had already taken a large part in the lesson, with a nervous energy of interest, and nervous irritability of manner, when he found that he was tumbling upon false conclusions, here said, "You must apply skill and industry in labor to increase wealth in a country and produce more capital." "Well," said the teacher, "not long ago three-fifths of the people of this country could not sign their names. Suppose the remaining two-fifths had prudently resolved to better themselves and the country by emigration. Suppose they had gone away. There would have been more room, wouldn't there?" "Yes," said green polka, "but we should have been a great deal poorer." "Why so, with so much more room?" "Because those who remained at home would be the ignorant and idle." "They would get drunk," cried one voice—"until they had no money to get drunk with," added another. "Then," said the nervous boy, holding also to his point, "they would go and work for wages, but they would work badly." "Then it is not altogether room that we want if we would prosper? There's room in the great desert, but you would n't like to go and live there, eh?" "No," said the nervous boy, "there must be knowledge, skill, and industry, and prudence to increase wealth." "There must be skill, and industry, and prudence; and how are all those qualities acquired? In a minute?" "No, sir." "How then?" "By training, by education." "And when must education begin?" "From the first." "You are being educated?" "Yes." "And when everybody is educated into knowledge, industry, and prudence, and bred up to work wisely—what shall we all do?" "Increase the wealth of the country, and so increase also the amount that is to be divided among workmen." "That," said the pale boy, with large eyes, "is civilization." "Do

you think we can be too civilized?"—"No," replied a chorus. "If there were a ship's crew at sea with a short allowance of rations, could they do anything to make every man's dinner larger?"—"No, sir." "But they would not like it, but they would want more."—"Yes, but they would have to make the best of it and be good-tempered." "If a number of them would not be good-tempered, but cried out for large rations, what then?"—"Others would think them very ignorant."

"And what would the others do in such a case?"—"Try to teach them better," said green polka, quickly. "If wages fell on shore because there was not so much capital as usual to divide among the laborers, and if the laborers understood that, what would they do?"—"Put up with it," said green polka.—"And work well," added the pale face, "in order to make better times." "If there were twelve workmen, ten doing their best for themselves and their country, and two getting drunk, talking nonsense, and doing nothing, what ought the ten good men to do in such a case?" The stout youth appeared ready to suggest "Punch their heads," but green polka forestalled his speech with the idea that they would "help to teach them better."—"Then you think teaching necessary?"—"Yes, but it is better young."—"And from whom can the young learn most?"—"From their parents."—"Can any of you answer this hard question? If we were all educated, all civilized and working hard, pulling together to increase the wealth of us all—what effect would that have, or would it have any effect, do you think, in increasing or lessening the number of mouths we have to feed?" There was a serious pondering over this question, which was evidently new to all the children; but at last the youth with the half-boots propounded his opinion that there would not be quite so many of us; because "if men were intelligent and prudent they would not often marry until they knew beforehand how they were to feed and educate their children."

We need not illustrate these lessons in greater detail. It is of course impossible in a few paragraphs to give anything like an exact transcript of the lights and shades of expression and opinion, or of the precise words elicited from many children in any part of a diffused lesson carried on by constant dialogue. In its diffuseness, however, it is least dull. The quaint suggestions of fresh minds at every turn enliven the whole subject, the ponderings expressed on childish faces, the triumphs of discovery, the pleasant laughter at the odd conceits occasionally struck out, and the bold jokes hazarded at times by some young wild-goose of the party—all this mingled with a fair sense of the good work that is being done, makes any lesson of the kind, if it be conducted by an able teacher, a very agreeable entertainment.

The imaginative faculty in all these children, and also (last but not least) their religious principles, we assume to be cultivated elsewhere. Such cultivation, we are well convinced, is no less important to their own happiness and that of society than their knowledge of things and reasons; and it should be steadily borne in mind that no amount of political economy, and no working of figures, will or can ever do without them. Still, that in its influence upon the well-being of the children and upon the future of the country to which they belong, this is an important and useful labor, we are quite sure we need not insist. Very distinct illustrations of that fact will occur at once to all of us.

From the Times, 13 Jan.

M. MADIAT.

DEATH has at last terminated the sufferings of M. Madiat, and set a mark of infamy upon his persecutors which no time will efface. We have seen in the last few years many events to make us question the progress of mankind, and even to doubt the security of the noblest conquests of liberty, of knowledge, and of toleration. The progress of free government has been brutally arrested by anarchy and by despotism. The most cultivated and energetic nations of Europe have shrunk into so servile a condition that liberty is denied to every power of society, except to the arrogant pretensions of spiritual domination. But, in the long list of these follies and crimes, we have read of nothing more extraordinary than that a humble and inoffensive Christian man should have been brought to a lingering death, by the will of his sovereign, because he dared to profess that evangelical faith which is the sacred consolation and firm hope of the most religious and educated portion of Europe. The sovereign on whom the ultimate responsibility of this atrocious consequence must fall was not originally a severe or a cruel ruler. On the contrary, till a recent period, his dominions were the freest and happiest portion of Italy, and the acts which have since rendered Florence the scene of persecution and oppression are attributable, in great measure, to the terror caused in the mind of the Grand Duke by the revolution, and the bigotry with which he is taught by the Romish clergy to regard the circumstances of his restoration. The Pope and the Virgin Mary are, in his estimation, the authors of that miraculous event, and his gratitude to these supernatural patrons is expressed by a stupid persecution of those who place their religious faith upon the promises and the protection of a purer faith. For this reason Madiat and his wife were selected to be the first victims of what must be called the Florentine Inquisition, for the whole proceeding was in its nature and its results identical with the jurisdiction of that most holy tribunal. The law itself, under which they were charged with impiety, was wrested from its true meaning, for the Leopoldine code was designed by its authors to be the barrier of the religious liberties of Tuscany, and not an instrument of Romish persecution. These unfortunate and innocent persons were judged with intolerance and condemned with extreme severity. The object of the court, or rather of the priests who instigated the prosecution, was to make an example of them, and, if possible, to strike terror into those who, in this age and in the heart of Italy, are compelled to gain access to the Bible and to the offices of Christianity with as much secrecy and peril as the early disciples. The result of that trial astonished and shocked every thinking man in Europe. It seemed as if the whole battle of bigotry and toleration was to be fought over again, if such acts as these could be done by a Grand Duke of Tuscany in the middle of the nineteenth century. The strongest personal appeals were made to that prince, especially by the courts of England and Prussia. A body of eminent, pious, and conscientious men, deputed by large multitudes of their countrymen, in England, France, Germany, and Switzerland, proceeded to Florence to plead for innocence, if not to remonstrate against injustice. All these exertions were vain,

for the keys of the Madiats' prison were held in the grasp of superstition itself; and the Tuscan government affected a revolting insensibility to the public opinion of Europe. Hopes of pardon were still entertained at the season which closes the year, and might dispose even the Church of Rome to forgiveness. Yet the Madiats themselves supplicated for no indulgence but the recognition of their Christian rights, and they awaited their liberation from the Power which guides the issues of life and death. In that form, to one of them at least, freedom came. The husband, Madiat, less strong in body and less vigorous in mind than his wife, but not less constant in his faith, expired a few days ago in captivity. It is satisfactory to know that within a short time of his departure he received the visit of M. Colombe, a Swiss pastor, who administered to him the consolations of that faith for which he died, and that the unceasing efforts of the Romish priests to obtain his recantation entirely failed. The trials and the virtue of martyrdom are not common in this age, for the greater liberty of professing the truth has lessened the danger and the honor of adhering to it. But the examples of this firmness and fidelity under persecution are but the more inestimable when they are contrasted with the frivolity and indifference of modern society. The strength which enabled this poor Italian courier to resist the authority of an unjust court, and to die under the rigor of persecution, is the same which reformed the church and changed the face of the world. We know not with what feelings Leopold, Grand Duke of Tuscany, received the intelligence that his victim was beyond the control of human laws; but henceforth the name of Madiat is indissolubly associated with his own. It was to satisfy his personal bigotry and superstition that he allowed the course of justice to be turned aside, the source of clemency to be sealed, and the remonstrances of Europe to be repelled. The Church of Rome, acting through his authority and mistress of his will, has shown herself as unrelenting as in the worst ages of her domination; and this Grand Duke stands last in the detestable list of those rulers who have taken away the lives of their subjects for conscience' sake.

This, then, is the state of Italy. We confess that the occurrence of such an event under the Tuscan government, supported by Austria and directed by Rome, is more ominous and intolerable in our eyes than all that we have heard of political repression. When the government of this very Grand Duke was overthrown in 1848, it was justly considered an act of strange ingratitude towards a sovereign who seemed to have had the welfare of his subjects much at heart. All such sympathy is henceforth extinguished; he has staked his power and his existence on the force which protects his palace; and either on him or on his heirs an account will one day be taken of his government. We have little confidence certainly in the revolutionary party in Italy, whose misconduct and incapacity disgraced in every way the momentary interval of power they enjoyed. The effect of that convulsion was to extend the occupation of the Austrian troops from the Po to the Roman Marshes, and to annihilate the last traces of independence in the smaller states. But we can conceive no greater infatuation than that of the Italian governments, which have done nothing since their restoration but heap up the materials for another and a more destructive crisis. The

The consequence is that all hope of improvement or even of toleration for the progress of public opinion under such rulers, is at an end—that they are viewed with feelings of unmingled detestation by their subjects—and that, with the sole exception of Piedmont, which is prosperous and contented, because it is free, even the invasion of a foreign enemy would be regarded as an era of joyful liberation. Such, too is their ignorance and impolicy, that at the very time when they have most to apprehend from the uncertain design of France, these governments have done everything that could degrade themselves in the eyes of England, and to render us indifferent, if not hostile, to their wretched existence. The Papal Court has ventured on an act of audacious impertinence to Great Britain; the Tuscan government allows British subjects to be cut down with impunity, and punishes men and women for reading the Book of Common Prayer; the Neapolitans relax none of their severity towards prisoners whose sufferings have excited the compassion of all Europe; and Marshal Radetzky carries into effect more capital executions for political charges than he ventured upon after the great rising of 1848. We know not whether these States may ever stand in need of the countenance of England, but assuredly they have a long score of past offences to wipe off before they will obtain it; we view the fate of their victims with sincere commiseration, and we doubt not that those who have had the weakness and cruelty to govern by such means as these will one day pay the penalty of the rights they have outraged and the authority they have abused.

An Historical and Statistical Account of New South Wales, &c. By JOHN DUNMORE LANG, D. D., A. M., &c. Third Edition.

Freedom and Independence for the Golden Lands of Australia. By JOHN DUNMORE LANG, D. D., A. M., &c. &c. Both published by Longmans, Paternoster row.

We need not dwell on the third edition of Dr. Lang's historical work, further than to say it brings the history of the colony down to July 1st, 1852, and includes some account of the gold discoveries, and an estimate of the probable results. The latter is extremely imperfect, being confined almost to stating that it will hasten the peopling of Australia, and assure the ascendancy of Protestant principles. The modern history is very much the history of what Dr. Lang has done, including some fierce attacks on the Governor of the colony, Sir C. Fitzroy, and others, which require to be substantiated by the most unexceptionable evidence, and even then may be thought to trespass much beyond the bounds of fair historical discussion; and including the republication at length of Dr. Lang's own libel on Mr. Iccly, for which he has been already sentenced to four months' imprisonment and to pay a heavy fine. How far the reverend gentleman is justified in republishing here a libel of which he has been found guilty elsewhere, is a curious point of law, should Mr. Iccly be induced to bring it to a decision by another prosecution. Dr. Lang is too much mingled up with recent transactions at Sydney, and shows his temper a great deal too much, to make his history of the latter period of the existence of the colony trustworthy; and we dismiss it by saying that we do not regard the third, though an enlarged, as an improved edition of the work.

The other publication, though containing much that is in the history, especially repeating a very scandalous story of Governor Fitzroy and one of his sons, takes a flight beyond the history, and proposes a plan for the separation of the colonies of Australia from the mother country. There are few things more dangerous in statesmanship than following examples; and Dr. Lang, in his introduction, gives us several instances of modern British statesmanship having egregiously failed, or, as he says, been obliged to acknowledge that it had been the prey of fallacies and delusions from having followed several old examples. Because the United States were successful in throwing off the dominion of the mother country, it by no means follows that the separation of Australia from Great Britain, as proposed by Dr. Lang—particularly now that gold has been discovered, that Chinese and other strangers are attracted in great numbers to the colony, and that the population is somewhat loose and unsettled—would be advantageous for the Australians. We are not disposed to inquire at large into the right of colonies to independence, and certainly not to deny it. We only say that every case of colonial independence must be ruled by its own circumstances; and we are inclined to believe, notwithstanding the books of Dr. Lang, that the time is not yet arrived for effecting the separation he proposes. We have no personal interest in any colony, but theoretically—reasoning from principles—we are favorable to each colony providing for its own government and exclusively regulating its own affairs; but that is not incompatible with acknowledging the supremacy of the British Crown, and remaining united with it in one great system. We may admit that the Colonial Office interferes too much with the colonies, and very often interferes injudiciously; but there is a far better remedy for undue and injudicious interference, in a proper appeal to the legislature and the nation than by a separation. But Dr. Lang is of opinion that on colonial questions the people of England are profoundly ignorant; that they have no books treating of the subject; and knowing nothing of it, to appeal to the legislature and the nation is hopeless. Dr. Lang's knowledge must, however, be very limited, if he be not aware that on most other subjects of government the people and the legislature are not particularly well informed—that the whole of our government, like that of the colonists, is dictated by circumstances rather than the result of any system; and yet the part taken by the people, in influencing the legislature and the government, keeps the administration of affairs very much in the right track. The colonists, therefore, might appeal to the legislature and to the public, through the press, with advantage, before proceeding to such an ultra step as separation. If the legislature has not already granted all the Australians ask, it has in many cases attended to their wishes. The colonists—or, at least, Dr. Lang—are too impatient; and as Rome was not built, neither can colonists be freed or get rid of all the evils of colonial government, in a day. We do not examine the details of Dr. Lang's plan, because we believe it to be his plan only, and not the plan of the colonists; though we are aware that the Australians, particularly the people of Sydney, make great complaints of their present governor and government. Dr. Lang's books are too acrimonious to be either convincing or agreeable.—*Economist*.